



# SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Things in General.

CANADA is only beginning to appreciate what war means, for though we spoke of the danger of some of our volunteers never returning, and made provision for wounds, sickness and death, it was all very indefinite and far off. We are all sure that sickness and death will overtake us, but the feeling is so vague and impersonal that it scarcely ever affects either the spirits or the conduct of those who are well and strong. Glory won on the battlefield is something that comes in a certain degree to every soldier engaged in active service; wounds and death to an impersonal few. Looking at it in this way, the soldier is sure of a certain amount of glory, yet he is confident that a large percentage of those who go into an ordinary battle will come out of it alive and well. Now that nineteen of our boys have been killed, and nearly seventy are wounded or missing; now that we know the names of those who are dead or injured, and in some cases know, or knew, the people themselves, the indefiniteness of the whole affair is changed into an individual sorrow for those who mourn for the dead or grieve for the wounded. That the Canadian Contingent lost nearly ten per cent. of its men means that they were under deadly fire, and stuck to their duty like the bravest veterans. This is our share of their glory. Canada will look after those they have left behind. It is not only her duty, but her privilege, and this will be the best expression of a nation's sympathy. Words are idle and empty when we endeavor to use them to express sorrow which is heartfelt and sincere, for they are only the words which are used by the shallow and heartless when they make professions as light as air. Canadians are not an effusive people, but the greatest scroffer, if he knows the Canadian heart, will not for a moment doubt that this country glories in the British sweep of victory, while it is saddened and hallowed by the thought that, partially at least, it was won by a pouring out of Canadian blood.

PECULIAR indeed are the ways in which we endeavor to show our sorrow for the dead and sympathy for the living who are left to mourn. When the late W. T. Manion, of the Grenadiers, left for the front, his comrades in the large works of the Dominion Radiator Company gave him a handsome and generous send-off. On Wednesday the news reached the workshops at nine o'clock that their soldier comrade had been killed in battle. A hundred and ninety-two men immediately left their work for the day, presumably to show respect for their hero. The manager of the works suggested to them that it would perhaps be a more material way of showing their sympathy if they continued their work and gave the balance of their day's pay to the next of kin, the sister of the deceased, he agreeing, if they would do so, to add a proportionate and substantial amount to the donation. Altogether the amount would probably have reached nearly five hundred dollars, but the suggestion was not adopted, and the works were closed down. Comment seems to me to be unnecessary.

SIR WILLIAM MEREDITH seems to be the unanimous choice for the Chancellorship of Toronto University, and Sir John Boyd and Mr. Charles Moss are alone mentioned for the Vice-Chancellorship. Thus we are certain to have the recently vacated offices filled by two of the best and most upright men in the province. The honor is one to which anyone might well aspire, yet of the many available men mentioned, all have shown the greatest goodwill to one another, and have sought to make way for those they esteem better qualified for the position than themselves. It would be well for the city, the province and the Dominion if all our offices were filled in the same spirit of anxiety to get the best and most conspicuously able men for positions of responsibility.

ALREADY methods are being discussed in London as to the best means of commemorating "the splendid sacrifices of Canada and Australasia for the Empire." One proposal is the erection in front of St. Paul's Cathedral of four masts, set as decorate San Marco, in Venice. "These masts, set in rich, emblematic bronze sockets, would represent Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. Upon them the standards of the various colonies would be poised on all national occasions." Pleasant to our ears is the comment of the Spectator: "The colonies are not dependencies, but parts of a whole, of which we also are only the part major. But the idea of flying flags of four free nations is certainly excellent."

In this connection it might be remarked that even in the conservative mind of the British people there is no objection to a "free nation" like Canada having a standard of her own in conjunction with the British flag. I know a great many Canadians who are now middle-aged men, who are as devoted to the unity of the Empire as the most enthusiastic British patriarch, who once dreamed of a Canadian flag whose folds should entwine with the one which has "braved for a thousand years the battle and the breeze." The idea of a special flag representing Canada as a part of the British Empire has a warm spot in the breast of every Canadian, no matter whether he be of British, French, or any other descent, nor does it suggest in the slightest degree any disloyalty to the emblem for which we are all willing to make as great sacrifices as any people have ever done to keep our "bit of bunting" where no alien hand can haul it down. The Spectator appreciates this sentiment, and it is this appreciation of our half-developed knowledge of ourselves and our thoroughly developed affection for Great Britain, which is so generous a compliment to the "four free nations" referred to. Great Britain does not ask us to love Canada less now that we seem to love her so much more.

An incident showing the latent love of a Canadian for his flag was told me by the British Consul at Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay. It once was the great port at the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, and shipping of all nations cast anchor therein. One day a big sailing ship rode at anchor with a strange flag at her peak. The commandante of the harbor went aboard her, and roughly demanded, "What flag is that you're flying?" It was the captain's first voyage to foreign parts, and he replied, "It is the Canadian flag, and a damned good flag it is, too." "We know no such flag here," retorted the commandante, angrily. "Well, by gosh, it's time you learned," the captain replied, with what he considered withering sarcasm. The commandante returned to his office and looked up the various flags and nationalities, but found no such name as Canada on his books. A British ensign, which was floating from a less prominent position than that occupied by the Canadian flag, suggested that the British Consul might know something about it, and to him the commandante went in a very great rage. The Consul explained, but the anger of the official was not appeased, and he set forth to arrest the impudent Canadian and tie up his ship. The Consul, however, through the intervention of higher officialdom, managed to have the offence forgiven if the Canadian would apologize. Seeing the fix he had gotten into, the captain came before the commandante, expressed his regret, made out his papers properly, and was leaving the room, when he whispered to

the Consul, "Well, it's a damned good flag, anyway; I didn't take that back."

Unfortunately for Canada her ships are unknown in foreign parts as being Canadian, and their cargoes are entered as being imports from or exports to Great Britain. Nowhere in the books of entry, except at a British Consulate, in the dozens of foreign ports I have visited, did I ever find the word "Canada." In fact, Canada has no official existence in the statistics of foreign countries. It would not harm Great Britain, and it would greatly benefit Canada, if this state of things were changed. Canada, and Australia, and New Zealand, and South Africa, should have every possible opportunity of advertising themselves and being known as great countries. Their alliance with Great Britain, or, rather, the fact that they are a part of Great Britain, would thereafter be a source of much greater

vinced that the great majority of those who would send their children to a collegiate institute would much prefer to have their offspring mingle with the young folks of the whole community. However, as the clergy claim that the education of the young is properly within their sphere, and must be dominated by them, the demand for a separate High school would probably be insisted upon by a large section of the Catholic community, which would probably neither use the school, nor in their hearts be anxious to change the present arrangement. Opposition on the part of the Roman Catholics in insisting upon what they are instructed are their rights. I am, and always have been, unalterably opposed to separate and sectarian schools of any kind being maintained by public money, no matter how the tax is levied, and any proposal to enlarge the so-

zealous clergy to obtain privileges, patronage, and further sectarian isolation for their denomination.

TALKING about schools reminds me that all people cannot be made to think alike with regard to education. In the face of the fact that almost invariably the outrages committed by negroes in the Southern States, for which such terrible punishments are meted out by the whites, have been laid at the door of the most illiterate and ignorant of the blacks, there is a movement on foot to further reduce the educational privileges of the colored people. This movement, too, is going on while those who are most earnestly, and, presumably, most intelligently trying to solve the race problem, are announcing themselves as convinced that "the solution must be worked out slowly through education." The Superintendent of Education for Virginia, for instance, declares that negro education is a failure; and Mississippi has before its Legislature a proposal "to divide the school funds between the whites and blacks in proportion to the taxes paid by them respectively." If this sort of thing gets into politics in the Southern States, as it is bound to, the whites will succeed in impoverishing, and in many instances, ruining, the schools used by the negroes. Of course the burden of educating the negroes falls most heavily upon the whites, but it would be better for them to educate the blacks than to live in deadly fear of them, provided, of course, that education reduces the dangers of contact. While the whites urge that they should use their own money in educating their own children, they seem to forget the broader principle, that the education of the blacks will ensure greater safety to themselves.

Harper's Weekly, which deals very intelligently with the problem, admits "that in some sections of the South, especially in remote agricultural regions, where the negro is most feared, the white children, under existing conditions, receive actually less schooling than the negro children. The professed cause of this, as it has been stated by a Southern woman in these columns, is that the girls of the neighborhood dare not go to school alone; and, therefore, in harvest-time, when the big boys cannot go with them, they perforce remain at home. In many other sections the poverty of the people makes any taxation onerous; and the whites naturally, in their desire to decrease their public burden, think first of cutting off the appropriation for negro education."

ANOTHER race question which is becoming acutely interesting to our neighbors across the line is the probable influx of coolies and Chinamen, which cannot be stopped if Statehood or Territorial status be given to Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippines. A bill extending the United States custom laws to Porto Rico, and thereby giving the people of that island absolute free trade with the Republic, was prepared, and was understood to be in harmony with the views of President McKinley. In the Senate a similar bill also had the approval of the President. The extreme Protectionists, however, flew at the President's throat so viciously that he is said to have withdrawn his approval, and both bills and the whole business are likely to be postponed till the next Congress. The interests involved are too great to tamper with in the face of a Presidential election, for not only are the extreme Protectionists thoroughly alarmed, but the working classes also see themselves threatened by a horde of brown-skinned "fellow-citizens," who, should the people of the territories recently acquired by the United States be given the rights possessed by those who live in the United States, cannot be kept out of any portion of the country over which the Stars and Stripes float. On the Pacific coast the argument has reached a very acute stage. The Argonaut says: "We will leave that journal (the Chronicle) to explain to the workmen who read it why it advocates conferring American statehood on Asiatic islands, American citizenship on Asiatic serfs, and lowering the wages of white American workmen to the level of those received by yellow Asiatic coolies." Evidently our Yankee neighbors have enough negro and Asiatic race problems to keep them busy without wasting any time on holding pro-Boer meetings. Great Britain is fighting in South Africa to give the suffrage and citizenship to Boer, Yankee and Britisher alike, without excluding others who have a right to it. The problem in the United States seems to be how to retain its conquered possessions without giving any rights or liberties to the conquered, who owned the land and are "the people" whom the Declaration of Independence grandly proclaimed. "Were born free and equal, with the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

HOW would the British soldiers in South Africa like to make bayonet charges upon trenches filled with Boer women? Paul Kruger, it is said, has declared that he will make the British pay the highest possible price in blood and money for the conquest of the Transvaal—a price which, he thinks, will appal the civilized world. In order the more effectually to appal the national spectators of the campaign now in progress, he even threatens, if a report from W. T. Stead be true, to fill the trenches defending some of his strongholds, with armed women. The prospect of having to take such trenches at the point of the bayonet will certainly appal the British soldiers, who are not accustomed to make war upon the weaker sex, but it cannot turn them from their duty. As to its effect upon the nations which are neutral onlookers, one can scarcely foretell. They ought to be appalled at the cruel bloodthirstiness of a nation and a leader so utterly regardless of the traditions of civilized warfare, and so utterly destitute of regard for womenkind. His suggestion, however, is in harmony with the Boer tactics throughout the war. Neither the Red Cross nor the white flag has restrained the tyrants of the Vaal from their cowardly bloodshed. British soldiers have fought up the steep sides of a kopje, have seen their comrades killed by their sides by Boers who were hopeless of either retreating or maintaining their position, and yet when the moment for reprisal came, and when the bayonets of the British were almost touching the men who had wantonly killed their companions, the white flag has been raised, and so far quarter has always been given. In other wars those who, when hopelessly beleaguered, have continued to kill their assailants up to the very trenches, have been put to the sword, for such a desperate fight means that no quarter will be asked or given. Repeatedly the white flag has been used by the Boers to decoy British soldiers into the open, where they have been shot. Little groups of Boers have concealed themselves in farm-houses, behind rocks, and in the shelter of trees, in order to kill a few of our soldiers, and then fled, and, threatened with capture, these assassins have always raised the white flag, and have been spared. If the firing upon ambulance corps, protected by the sign of the cross, was in each case an accident, it is remarkable with what frequency these accidents have happened.

Remembering these things, it is not difficult for us to imagine crafty old Kruger placing some women in the trenches, that the civilized world may be called upon to gaze at the spectacle of even the females of a nation defending their country to the last ditch. Properly, those called upon to witness such a spectacle should be more



PTE. W. T. MANION, R.G.  
Killed.



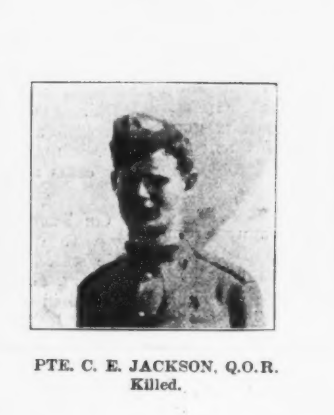
PTE. M. J. VANDERWATER, Q.O.R.  
Wounded.



PTE. J. H. FINDLAY, 35th Batt.  
Killed.



PTE. S. N. WARD, Q.O.R.  
Wounded.



PTE. C. E. JACKSON, Q.O.R.  
Killed.



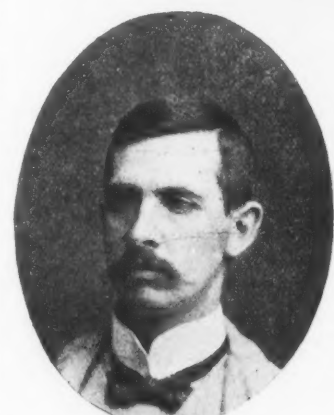
PTE. J. H. SUTTON, 13th Batt.  
Wounded.



LIEUT. J. C. MASON, R.G.  
Wounded.



PTE. J. F. USSHER, Q.O.R.  
Wounded.



PTE. M. M. STEWART, Q.O.R.  
Wounded.



PTE. T. L. MCGIVERN, Q.O.R.  
Wounded.



PTE. JAMES KENNEDY, Q.O.R.  
Wounded.

## THE WAR BROUGHT HOME.

Toronto's Dead and Wounded in Last Sunday's Battle.

The above portraits are from SATURDAY NIGHT's beautiful flag picture of the Toronto Contingent, which contains the portrait of nearly every man who left this vicinity for South Africa. A new edition, specifying the killed and wounded, is being issued in the original four colors.

strength than at present. When I had what he considered to be the very great honor of being presented to the President of Brazil, he admitted to me that he had never heard of Canada, until I reminded him that some Canadian emigrants had once been induced by false pretenses to go to San Paulo. "Yes, yes," he exclaimed, "I do remember. Yours must be a poor, shiftless people if they cannot make a living in Brazil." Even the niggers down there are starving half the time, and only half-fed and never even half-clothed when they are prosperous.

MALGAMATION of the boards of the Public and High schools in this city has, apparently, run up against a very serious snag. It appears that no proper scheme of uniting the two boards can be devised without calling upon the Legislature for a permissive enactment, and in view of this our Roman Catholic neighbors seem likely to seize the opportunity of demanding a separate and sectarian High school for their own use. Probably it would be fairer to say that it is the Roman Catholic clergy who threaten to make the demand, for I am con-

called, but mistaken, "privileges" of the Separate School Act would meet with every opposition which I could possibly make. I know that tens of thousands of the people of Ontario, both Catholic and Protestant, feel the same way; but what could any of us do? The question would get into politics, and there would be another disagreeable discussion, likely to embitter those who are now good friends, for years to come.

Nor would it be difficult to predict the result. If the present Government refused to grant it, the Opposition, which has already recanted all its principles with regard to the Separate School question, would doubtless promise the extension of the Act, and again we would have our religious and our politics inextricably mixed, to the disadvantage of both, and to the disquiet of the community. Rather than face any such turmoil, be dropped, though it does seem a little hard that community like Toronto, with so enormous a majority in favor of non-sectarian schools, should not dare to attempt to carry out a progressive proposal for fear it would be made the opportunity of an over-



horrified at the man and the method than inclined to call upon Great Britain to cease hostilities. Great Britain has already paid too great a price for the liberty of her subjects and the enfranchisement and freedom of the Uitlanders, to be robbed of the fruits of the victory which cannot now be far off. Furthermore, in sizing up the situation we must remember that the women who would be in the trenches are those of the same fibre who clamored, as their husbands, fathers and brothers went out to war, that each should try to kill more Britishers than any other. Cruelty and bloodthirstiness seem to exist in them to a degree almost equal to that of the male of the Boer species. If they take a man's place, they must suffer a man's fate, terrible as the story may sound when told far away and colored with pigments fresh from the fancy of the haters of the British. It is to be hoped, however, that a final blow will be struck without any such terrible episode being made a part of the blood-stained story of the redemption of South Africa. Swiftly the armies of the British seem to be sweeping over the enemy's country, and, dislodged from his fastnesses, the Boer will not be such a difficult subject to suppress as he has hitherto been.

THE challenge of Leader of the Opposition Whitney to the Ross Government to resign and appeal to the country, reminds me of the only challenge I ever had to fight a duel. Twenty-odd years ago, when I was only a callow youth in New Mexico, I was sent with a gang of men to take possession of a flock of about one thousand sheep, which, owing to the failure of the owner to repay a loan, had become the property of the live-stock firm for which I was working. I was new at the business, and talked a little too freely of where I was going and the errand I was on, and a gambler, who possessed some of the facts, went on ahead, claimed to be the company's agent, got the sheep, and in one night lost them all at poker in Albuquerque. I got to the town the next day and found that the sheep had not been driven from the little corrals of those who had won them. By the gift of my watch I got the alcalde to go around with some sort of a document winding up with a big red seal and a piece of blue ribbon, from which he read dire results which would overtake the holders of the sheep if they did not immediately give them up. I think, if anything, we got more sheep than belonged to us, and by next morning they had been driven so rapidly that they were outside of the county. I stayed behind to look after the consequences, if there were any, and when those who had both won and lost the sheep reproached and threatened the gambler for having wagered property which wasn't his, he got very angry, and sent word over to my hotel for me to meet him in the plaza, and we would shoot at one another until it was decided who should have the sheep. Leaving my firearms behind me I crossed the square to the gambler's room, and considerably surprised him by wishing him a very good morning. He asked me if I had come over to go out and shoot for the sheep. I told him that I was not quite out of my mind, and did not propose to shoot for sheep that I already had, together with men enough to keep them. He saw the point, laughed and shook hands. Mr. Whitney can hardly expect Hon. Mr. Ross to resign and go out and fight for mutton that he has already in his possession. The bluff is too large to be taken seriously.

OUR neighbors across the border are much given to hero-worship, and in that connection are frequently guilty of the most exaggerated eulogies of the men they admire. The 12th of this month, the ninety-first anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, was largely celebrated throughout the Union, and in New York business was generally suspended, exchanges, schools, and most of the courts were closed, but it was left to Rev. Dr. Minot J. Savage to cap the climax of all the flamboyant oratory brought out by the occasion. On Sunday, we are told, he electrified his large audience by saying: "Leaving on one side the central character, the Nazarene, there is no man mentioned in the Bible, from the first verse of Genesis to the last of Revelation, who for one moment can be compared with Lincoln either for greatness or goodness."

When a man, and a preacher at that, talks in this fashion there is nothing left to be said except that he is either crazy, or drunken with the gas of his own oratorical gush. Lincoln was a great and good man, and because he was murdered he has been made a martyr—he had no choice as to whether he would be killed or not—but that certainly does not entitle him to take precedence over the apostles and others who willingly lived, suffered and died for the good of mankind. It is hard to refrain from dwelling on this subject, but no argument is possible, and the incident is only worth giving as an example of how much rhetorical froth can be made by half a gill of very small beer.

Jingle! jingle! mighty dollar!  
Listen! listen! little scholar!  
Learn this lesson, my little tot,  
Be first to talk each Tommy-rot.  
Do not wait or you'll be dunned,  
Start at once and raise a "fund."  
Costs you naught to make a holler,  
And you'll be called a "buff scholar."

—PATRIOTICS.

AN evening paper announces contributions received from school children for a very deserving charity, but these announcements, together with complaints which I hear from parents in the city, indicate that there is too much "envelope" business going on in public schools. The latest appeal to the children seems to be for donations to the Patriotic Fund for taking care of the families of soldiers who have gone to South Africa. Some time ago I made a protest against the continual begging of money from merchants, professional men, clerks, and others, and I hold now, as I held then, that Canada can take care of those who feel the misfortunes of war, without the whole nation hearing the jingling of pennies and dimes and quarters as one universal hail seems to go around, carried by those who are more often impressed with the importance of their position than with the merits of the objects for which gifts are solicited. It is unfair for the merchant or the head of an office or factory to start the hat around amongst his employees, many of whom need the money which they are almost forced to give quite as badly as those to whom it will go. In public schools, however, this practice is more reprehensible than anywhere else. Parents of slender means and large families are already too busily engaged in trying to dress their children in raiment as fine as that worn by children of their richer neighbors. In the schools attended mostly by the children of well-to-do citizens, too often coarse shoes and unfashionable clothing are the subject of jeers, not only painful to the child, but the cause of real though foolish agony to the mother. When contributions are asked for, foolish parents often deny themselves the necessities of life in order that their children may seem to give as if the money were taken from a well-filled purse. School supplies were furnished free in order that all children might be put on terms of equality, and that the poor should not be made to blush for their inability to properly equip their children with text books. The habit of pushing the hat under the noses of children is absolutely opposed to the spirit of the Public School system. We should not begin while the child is impressionable and his desires are but budding, to teach the sordid lesson that unless one is possessed of money one can be put to shame. In business life, the dollar is set spinning in the morning, and we all chase it up and down streets, through alleys and many objectionable places. The love of this nimble coin absorbs enough of human ambition and effort without making the lack of it so painful to children, who too often are prone, untruthfully, to boast of the wealth of their parents, or to look with bitterness at the tired wage-earner who is sacrificing so much for his family, because he cannot supply them with money enough to keep up the flimsy show of a school-room education. Fortunately, the

old evil of sending children from door to door trying to sell tickets for entertainments, is dying out, but the Sunday school still echoes to the sound of the noisy copper, and the jingling on the collection plate, and in churches and at charity meetings on behalf of all sorts of homes which should be cared for by the people through Government assistance, the unceasing appeal to give, give, makes giving a torture rather than a pleasure, or even the husk of a duty. There is no surer way to spoil a child as a conscientious and willing giver, than to make him or her hate the whole business by being continually forced to give up-pocket-money or to appeal to parents for something to put in the plate. No matter if it be done by passing about envelopes, nor how much good judgment is shown, the principle and the results are equally bad, for they are taught to do all their giving in public, to the utter destruction of the sweet and gentle idea of doing good for good's sake and the leaving of the one hand ignorant of the charity done by the other.



THE Grenadiers and their friends will not dance on Tuesday evening, for the casualties in South Africa have at last included a death-wound to a brave young fellow from their ranks, and a wound, happily not serious, to a most popular young officer, the son of the good ex-Colonel James Mason. When it was known that "Jimmy" was hit, a groan went up from many a young chum, and a sigh from rosy lips, and men and girls were glad to know that the scarce item published was contradicted by a cable-gram, stating his injuries to be slight. But the Grenadiers' dance is off, for the corps is in mourning for a brave young soldier, Private W. T. Manion.

Mrs. McLeod, of Huron street, gave a very pleasant afternoon euchre on Thursday, in honor of her guest, Mrs. Hand. Among those present were Mrs. Sheppard, Mrs. Sampson, Mrs. Westwood, Mrs. Hignam, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Finch, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Ridout, Mrs. Matheson, Mrs. F. T. Smith, who was the fortunate prize winner.

The news which reached us early Wednesday morning from far-off Africa sent a thrill of sympathy and pain throughout Canada. Boer shots for the first time had reached us, and we had nineteen dead. From the Atlantic to the Pacific is a long way, but the ground has all been covered, blinds are drawn in homes of every station in life, and great big Canada knows now what England and Scotland and Ireland and Australia and New Zealand have suffered. We have joined hands, and the circle is complete. Truly, it is a strange circle for the world to see, and the sadness a strange kind, for mixed in it is a sort of glad, defiant pride. We applaud instantly when we hear of that brother who offers to go at once to fill that vacant place in the ranks, and the twenty Australians who died to a man! Grief is swallowed up of honor and daring deeds, and it is good that we do not choose the less heroic ways of quenching grief in times like these.

Miss Edith Wilson, of Quebec, is the guest of Miss Georgie Crombie, of Grosvenor street. Miss Fanny Crombie is enjoying a delightful visit in Ottawa. Mrs. E. J. Ferguson and Mrs. Ferguson-Burke are en pension at Mrs. Lawlor's. Mr. George Sears entertained some friends on Tuesday evening. Miss Frances Bond, of Guelph, who was the guest of Mrs. McDowell Thomson, returned home on Saturday. Mrs. Alfred Hoskin, of Deer Park, went up to Hamilton on Monday for a brief visit. Mrs. Ambrose, of Hamilton, accompanied by Miss Proudfoot, of Toronto, has gone to California, where Miss Hoskin now is, the latter lady having gone out there some time ago, with Mr. and Mrs. Kenny, by the long sea route, which proved most delightful.

Miss Erie Temple gave a charming tea for a large party of girl friends, who were invited to meet Miss Edith White, of Quebec, a welcome visitor. Mrs. Temple poured tea, and the Misses Hagarty and Miss Toinette Plumb assisted. Miss Ramsay, of Montreal, Miss Counsell, of Hamilton, Miss Watson, of Quebec, and Miss Gwyn, of Dundas, were some of the out-of-town girls who added their brightness and charm to the rosebud garden of girls of our own city. The better news received from Lieutenant Temple, who has been ill in South Africa, is welcomed by the friends of his devoted family.

Mrs. Stinson, of Hamilton, is the guest of Miss Quinlan, of Selby street.

I hear the General Manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Mr. H. C. McLeod, will take up his residence here, from Halifax, in April. He is the possessor of a fine yacht, the Gloria, which will be quite an acquisition to our fleet here.

Miss Hay, of Rosedale, goes next week to Fergus, where she will be the guest of Miss Armitage.

It seems quite the thing to have the measles this winter. Miss Melvin Jones has recovered, and Judge McDougall's young son is now a victim. Miss Evelyn Cameron has also recently had a light attack.

On Wednesday and Thursday Mrs. Graeme Adam's post-nuptial reception at the Rolph residence, the home of her parents, brought many callers. Mrs. Adam was assisted by Mrs. Rolph, jr., and in the dining-room by two of her pretty bridesmaids, Miss McDougall and Miss Cree, while little Miss Wright and little Miss Rolph, the two flower girls, were also present, helping to entertain. The bride, who has what the Scotch would call a "bonnie face," looked very bright and happy, and received the good wishes very pleasantly, also the enquiries after her mother's health, which is, happily, so much improved as to no longer give cause for anxiety. The drawing-room, with many lights, not too bright, with here and there a tropical plant admirably placed, helped very much to make one forget the formality of time, and many lingered there or in the tea-room, with its charming assistants.

One of the prettiest teas of the season was that given by Mrs. T. Eaton on Thursday last week. A beautiful home, a charming hostess and many congenial friends, all combined to make it a very delightful affair. The floral decorations were much admired—exquisite pink roses in the drawing-rooms and in the halls, and upstairs tulips and daffodils. Mrs. Eaton, handsomely gowned, received her guests, with her daughter, Mrs. Burden, assisting, and the sweet little grandchildren of the house were also fitting around like veritable fairies. Some of those present were Mrs. G. A. Cox, Mrs. George Dickson, Mrs. R. Jaffray, Mrs. Ryckman, Mrs. (Dr.) Sweetnam, Mrs. McGillivray Knowles, Miss Tyner, Mrs. J. S. Willison, Miss Widdifield, Miss Kinneer, Miss Rogers, Mrs. E. Y. Eaton, Miss Dickson, Miss Hogaboom, Mrs. Horn, Mrs. Atkinson, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Torrington, Mrs. J. McDonald, Mrs. Dignam.

The Chattan Literary Club's open meeting, Tuesday night, took the form of an oratorical contest—the finals of a series that had been going on during the year. Those who contested for honors were: Messrs. C. A. Corrigan, W. Secombe, A. W. Keith and Harold Fisher. The judges, Messrs. A. McIntosh and J. E. Armstrong, after some difficulty in deciding, awarded the Club's gold medal to Mr.

Fisher and the silver medal to Mr. Secombe. Those who contributed musical numbers were: Miss Emily Findlay, Miss Mabel Howe, Miss Alice Hunter, Miss Lora Dowler and Mr. F. C. Husband. A reading of Vox Chattana, the Club's paper, by the editor, brought the meeting to a close.

The private view of the exhibition arranged by the Woman's Art Association was an event of Thursday afternoon. The public will for a fortnight have the privilege of viewing a rare and interesting collection; a loan exhibit of pictures and wood-carving is added to the art treasures collected by the W. A. A., in their quarters in Confederation Life Building. Some Doukhobor work is very interesting.

Mrs. W. H. Clemes receives next Thursday and Friday afternoons at 724 Spadina avenue, when many friends will welcome the bride in her new role as a young hostess.

Mr. J. Van Sommer, of Howland avenue, has gone via S.S. Lake Superior, to visit his people in Wimbledon, England.

The sales of the late Mr. O'Brien's pictures at Matthews' has been phenomenal. Art critics and wealthy folk are not the only purchasers. Persons of very moderate means realize that in this case it is a far safer investment to hang their money up in a picture, than to tie it up or drop it into mining stock or real estate. Mr. O'Brien's beautiful work will increase in value, so that in a year a picture will be found to bear a very high rate of interest indeed. But few are left.

Two new hostesses, Mrs. Creighton (nee Burgess), of 42 Charles street, and Mrs. Archie L. Allen (nee Helliwell), of 187 Carlton street, held post-nuptial receptions on Thursday, the former lady also receiving on Friday as well.

On Friday evening of last week a young folks' euchre party was given by the Misses Mortimer Clark.

The departing contingent dined sumptuously on Thursday, thanks to Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. Cassels, Mrs. Gooderham, Mrs. Blackstock, Mrs. Hammond, Mrs. Melvin Jones, Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Mrs. H. Blake, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. FitzGibbon, and Mrs. Cockshutt; and that devoted mother and thoughtful friend, Mrs. Cockburn, with some others, provided very plentifully for the officers en route to Halifax, having heard of the starvation picnic perforce indulged in by some of the officers of the first contingent on the way, whose friends did not think in time of sending luncheons on the train east.

A pin or a button is to be had on payment of the fee constituting anyone a member of the Red Cross Society. In Ottawa last month these little signs of interest shone on most women's coats or frocks, and they may be obtained here from any of the Executive Committee: Miss Mowat, Government House; Mrs. Nordheimer, Gleneddyth; Mrs. Sweny, 170 St. George street; Mrs. A. Gooderham, 72 Trinity street; Mrs. FitzGibbon, 3 Grange road; Mrs. Stewart Houston, 75 St. George street; Miss Gzowski, The Hall, Bathurst street; Lady Taylor, 40 Madison avenue; Miss Wilkie, 432 Sherbourne street; Miss Campbell, Carbrook, Queen's Park; or in quantities for schools or societies from Mrs. John I. Davidson, 53 St. George street. The pins are fifty cents and the buttons ten cents.

On Tuesday a large party of ladies went out to Deer Park, to Mrs. Fletcher Snider's handsome home in De Lisle street, where a tea in honor of the sister of the hostess, Mrs. Scheak, was in progress. Mrs. Fletcher Snider received in a handsome heliotrope and lavender silk gown, and her lovely little guest of honor, the bride, stood at her left hand, wearing a most delicate and beautiful gown of white, the pretty transparent yoke and sleeves showing her round white neck and arms very prettily. In the tea-room was a merry group of girls, busily serving many nice things from a table charmingly done in pink and gold. A center of these colors, in silk and tinsel, was surrounded with many dainty dishes. The color scheme was well carried out, and the flowers were very fine pink carnations.

Subscriptions for the Indian Famine Fund may be sent to Mr. Edward Trout, Monetary Times. Messrs. A. E. Kemp, Elias Rogers, and Stapleton Caldecott, are a committee to look after the citizens' donations and superintend their transmission to the sufferers. Several large amounts have already been received, and some hundreds sent to India.

A blaze of scarlet, and bright faces, interested and delighted with the Biograph's moving pictures, will be the scene at Massey Hall on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, when Lt.-Col. Peters, the new D.O.C., who has made himself so quickly popular, and the commanding officers of the Toronto Garrison, will make a combined effort to assist the Patriotic Fund. All Toronto will doubtless assist the military in their unselfish effort. The massed bands have given their services. Distinguished artists like Miss Beverley Robinson, inspired by her mother's example at the time of the Crimean Patriotic Fund, are kindly assisting. Mr. Owen A. Smiley, the well-known humorist, will explain the pictures. The officers and men of the city regiments will attend in uniform.

Mr. W. R. Woollatt, of the L. E. and D. R. Railway, of Port Stanley, Ont., spent Sunday in the city, the guest of Dr. R. H. Henderson, of Carlton street.

Mr. J. W. Barry, of the Simcoe Hockey Club, who has been laid up for the past three weeks with scarlet fever, is rapidly recovering his former good health.

The engagement is announced of Miss Cora McDougall, daughter of Police Magistrate McDougall, and Mr. F. R. Morris, barrister, both of Fort William, Ont. They are both favorably and well known in social circles in Toronto, Miss McDougall having attended Presbyterian Ladies' College, and Mr. Morris Osgoode Hall a few years ago.

The engagement of Miss E. Maud Pearson, second daughter of Mr. Edwin Pearson, of Sherbourne street, and Mr. Gordon Guthrie Duncan, of Brantford, is announced. The rosy month of June is chosen for the marriage of the popular young people, who have a great many warm friends here and elsewhere.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. McKinnon are at the Royal Palm Hotel, Miami, Florida. Mrs. Bromley Davenport went to New York last Saturday. Mrs. and Miss Tina Hendrie, with Miss Hendrie, of Detroit, were in town over Sunday. Good news comes from the Transvaal of Mr. Murray Hendrie, who is quite taking to the soldier life and agreeing with it splendidly.

Mrs. Hood, of Spadina avenue, gave a charming luncheon on Tuesday to a very smart party, including Mrs. Grace, Mrs. Nattress, Mrs. Magann, Mrs. Frank Hodgins, Mrs. Grant Ridout, and several other young matrons.

Miss Nellie James, of Richmond street, gave a very enjoyable matinee musicale to a number of friends on Tuesday afternoon. The officers and members of the Catholic Y. L.L.A. gave an At Home in St. George's Hall on Wednesday evening, at which half a dozen clever artists gave a very nice programme.

Mr. and Mrs. A. St. G. Gray, of Morden, Manitoba, are on a visit to Major and Mrs. Henry A. Gray, at Mrs. Merrick's in Mutual street. A tea in honor of the bride, Mrs. Gray, formerly Miss Flora Hensen, of Morden, was one of this week's events.

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Place your orders early and ensure a prompt delivery.

NEW MATERIALS

for Afternoon, Evening and Dinner Gowns.

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for his price list, which gives a full description of all his Grand Roses, and we have all other blossoms at

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FOR FISH, GAME, BEEF

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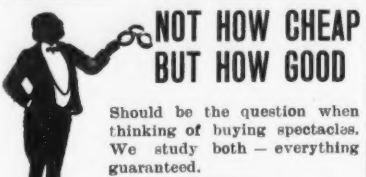
Our large showing of these Silks so popular for afternoon, tea, or reception dresses, has recently been augmented by the arrival of several very choice and odd patterns. The values are most exceptional. See them or send for samples.

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We are showing an immense shipment of spring washing goods, including a very large display of handsome percale, prints and cambrics in hundreds of new designs, on grounds of black, red, blues, mauve, navy, white and other—all selected patterns—striped and figured designs, suitable for shirt waists or dresses.

Samples on request.

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BUT HOW GOOD**

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are in the daintiest form and are  
perfections of the Caterer's art.*

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## Social and Personal.

**M**RS. WARWICK'S seven-hand euchre was one of last week's bright affairs, and Mrs. Bolte was the fortunate winner of the first prize, a very handsome picture of Dante's Beatrice. After the game tea was served in the dining-room at a table prettily done with yellow tulips and daffodils. Some of the guests were Lady Meredith, Mrs. Catnach, Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. Frank Arnold, Miss J. Rowand, Miss Langmuir, Mrs. Cawthra of Guiseley House, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. Harman, Mrs. Willie Gwynn, Mrs. Searth, Mrs. Colin Gordon, Mrs. Sommerville of Atherly, Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mrs. John Kay, Mrs. Lorne Campbell and her guest, Mrs. Bleistein, of Buffalo; Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Mrs. J. Strachan Johnston, Mrs. Chadwick, Mrs. Grace, Mrs. Harry Wright, Miss Georgie Crombie, Miss Wilson.

Mrs. Nelles, of Brantford, was in town last week to bid farewell to her son, Captain and Adjutant Nelles, who is now en route to South Africa. Mrs. Nelles, jr., and her two little sons will reside in Brantford at the Kerby House for the present.

Two very pleasant entertainments were given at Mayfield, the residence of Mr. Samuel Trees, on Wednesday afternoon and Friday evening of last week, in the shape of an afternoon tea for married friends of the hostess, and a dance for the young folks, among whom the Misses Trees are most popular. The tea practically marked the debut of both sisters, for the elder has been abroad for some time, and has not been a participant in society doings in Toronto. For the younger Miss Trees it was also a first taste of the winter's gaieties. Both sisters were frocked in the regulation debutante organdie, most becoming and pretty. Three sons were hosts in addition to Mr. and Mrs. Trees, and the dance was a great success, much enjoyed by the guests, who were mostly composed of the newly-come-out members of society. Both at the tea and the dance everyone admired some very fine pictures recently inherited by Mr. Trees from an English collection. Among the young folks at the dance were Mr. J. and Miss Sweetman, Mr. G. and the Misses Tomlinson, Mr. P. and Miss Claire Eby, Miss Carrie Fuller, Misses Wilkes, Mr. I. and Miss Nevitt, Mr. and the Misses Darby, Miss Martin, Mr. H. Bourlier, Mr. and Miss Gillespie, Miss A. Cooke, the Misses Wright, Miss A. Jones, Mr. Chadwick, Mr. Lancelfield, Mr. J. Creelman, Miss Eola Lennox, Mr. Despard, Miss Goldman and Miss Nicholls.

Dr. Charles Trow is to spend some time in Florida. Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith have gone to California. Mrs. G. Plunkett Magann was the hostess of the Parkdale Euchre Club last Friday evening, when the result of the game gave the prizes to Mrs. Northey and Miss Falconbridge. Mr. Frank Macdonald and Mr. O'Brien. After a very nice supper, the half hundred guests returned to town in a private car. Mrs. Northey and Mrs. Colin Sewell were two young brides much admired at this reunion, where an unusual number of pretty women were present the hostess, as usual, queening it over all in this respect.

Mrs. Leonard, of 353 Markham street, gave a tea on Wednesday. Mrs. Gray and Miss Merrick gave one on Thursday at Mutual street. Mrs. Fletcher Snider, of Delisle street, Deer Park, gave one at her home on Tuesday. Mrs. Alfred Hoskin, of Heath street, Deer Park, gives an afternoon euchre for her married lady friends on Monday next, and an evening euchre for young people on the same date.

Miss Constance Hincks, of Windsor, has been a welcome guest at many bright affairs lately.

Mrs. John I. Davidson entertains the Euchre Club next Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Riddell gave a dinner party this evening.

Mr. Allan Sullivan came to town a week ago, and made a short visit to his relatives in St. Vincent street, sailing for England to-day.

The Bracebridge Ladies' Literary Club and their friends spent a most enjoyable evening last Wednesday at "The Maples," the residence of Sheriff and Mrs. Bettes. The rooms, being decorated with British and Canadian flags, and palms, presented a gala appearance. A capital programme, principally from the works of Kipling, was rendered by the members of the club. Mrs. Bettes, the hostess, is a sister of that bright and charming woman, Mrs. Clifford Sifton, and is most encouraging to all movements for the furtherance of culture in her vicinity. This club of ladies was organized about a year since, and meets weekly for the discussion of current events, and particularly to study the growth of the English nation. Many and interesting are the papers read, tracing the development of English history, literature, arts, and the sciences, since the very earliest periods. These subjects are attractively grouped under the suggestive title, In and About London.

The remains of the late Mrs. Andrew Thornton Todd were brought back to Toronto from Bermuda for interment, Dr. Grassett, son-in-law of the deceased lady, going down to New York to meet Miss Todd and her sad change. Miss Andrene Todd, the only unmarried daughter of the family, will remain

in Toronto for a time, and afterwards probably make her home with Mrs. Byron, whose husband, the secretary to the Admiral, has a nice house in Bermuda, and also in Halifax, in which two ports his duties necessitate his residing alternately.

Mrs. Crozier gave a very pretty tea for the young friends of her daughter, Miss Nonie Crozier, last Saturday afternoon, at her home, 231 Huron street. Plenty of young men turned up to lighten the labor of the pretty waitresses, and a very jolly hour was spent. Miss Nonie received with Mrs. Crozier.

Mrs. Sanford Evans has her Lanes and Penates set in order, and the doors of the new home will open to callers next Tuesday and Wednesday. After the post-nuptial receptions on the 27th and 28th, Mrs. Evans will be at home on the first and second Mondays in the month.

News from Mexico of the death of Mr. Telford Arthurs, cousin of Miss Arthurs, of Ravenswood, caused a postponement of Miss Arthurs' afternoon euchre, which had been arranged for Wednesday.

Judge and Mrs. Kingsmill left on Thursday for New York en route to Southern Europe. Mrs. Glass, daughter of Judge Kingsmill, has gone to Europe with her father. Mrs. Kingsmill is visiting in Virginia. Mrs. John Riordon and her sister, Mrs. Misner, have gone south for a month. The Misses Norton Taylor are visiting their aunt, Mrs. Hoyle, of Lowther avenue. Mrs. Falconbridge is visiting friends in New York. On Saturday, Mrs. Chas. Fleming, of Streatham House, gave an informal tea in honor of her friend, Mrs. Nelles, of Brantford.

At the bride's residence, 93 Hazelton avenue, Mrs. J. Marlin Scheak held her post-nuptial reception. The young bride was a picture of grace as she received her guests in a lovely gown of cream duchesse satin, a confection from Paris. She was ably assisted by Mrs. Fletcher Snider, who wore a frock of pink broche with Brussels lace flounce, and also by her sister, Miss Nellie Sharpe, in a dainty frock of primrose Oriental satin. The tea-room was prettily decorated in yellow, the mantel being banked with daffodils and smilax. The newest decorations from "Liberty's" were used in the arrangement of the table, which was presided over by the Misses Clara Porte, Mary Welton, Rena Smith, Minnie Pellet and Margaret Jackson.

Mrs. Jean Joy has started a new term for fancy cooking at the room in St. Andrew's Institute. Some who took last term were Mrs. Morang, Miss Vandermissen, Miss A. Gooderham, Miss L. Eby, Miss Blanche Wellington, Miss Agnes Nairn, Mrs. Ralph King, Miss Sophia Michie, Miss Palmer and Miss Douglas.

Sir Richard Cartwright, the veteran Minister of Trade and Commerce, received many callers while in town several days last week. The rheumatism from which Sir Richard suffers considerably cripples the gallant statesman, but while not so active, he is as affable as ever. Another sufferer from that painful affliction, the Premier of the Ontario Government, Hon. G. W. Ross, at the auspicious opening of the Legislature on Wednesday appeared to have almost overcome his enemy.

Osgoode Hall, the most beautiful building in the city, was the rendezvous of our social world on Friday evening. All of the building was thrown open, and instead of the solemn proceedings of our law lords, waves of giddy music echoed through the erstwhile quiet corridors, and all the radiant throng enjoyed the dance. The beautiful building was transformed by draperies, decorations and palms into a vista or rather Oriental luxury. Very good music was a feature of the evening, and the unusual number of visitors in town added to the interest of the event. The orchestras commenced the dancing at nine, and refreshments were served by Harry Webb in the rotunda.

Mrs. J. Marlin Scheak will receive every Friday during March. After, on the first and third Fridays, at 93 Hazelton avenue.

On Thursday evening an unique and attractive entertainment, called the Temple of Fame, was given in the Pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens by a number of Toronto's talented people. Over thirty historical characters were presented with appropriate costumes and music, and altogether the affair was a most enjoyable one. Among the many who took part may be mentioned Mrs. Dow, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Hopwood, Mrs. Dilworth, Miss Hills, Miss Heward, Miss Hees, Miss Towers, Miss Gowanlock, Miss Schofield, Miss McMullen. The entertainment was under the direction of Mr. Gerald Wade. During the performance the Spanish dance was given by Prof. Sage's pupils.

Miss Eva Marter, of Gravenhurst, is visiting Miss Tudhope, of Madison avenue. Mr. C. E. McPherson came down to Toronto from Winnipeg on Saturday. Mrs. Wright, of Port Huron, has been spending a fortnight with her daughter, Mrs. George Caruthers, in Gloucester street. On Thursday of last week, Mrs. Caruthers gave an informal tea to some of Mrs. Wright's former Sarnia friends, and a few others, among whom were Mrs. and Miss Crease, Miss Phemie Smith, Mrs. and Miss Geary, Mrs. Band, Mrs. G. Riddell, Mrs. and Miss Lister, Miss Birdie McDougall, Mrs. Denison, Miss Madeline Hughes, and her cousin, Miss

Hughes, who is recently out from Ireland, and is making many friends by her bright and pretty manner. Mrs. Wright has returned home, much to the regret of her Toronto friends.

The following letter from Lord Strathcona, the High Commissioner, will be read with interest, as it bears witness to the fact that the efforts of our men in South Africa are known and appreciated in the Old Country. It is addressed to Mr. John Wilson, the head of the firm of Wilson & Valdespino, distillers of Spanish brandy, whose English headquarters are in London, E.C. This gentleman has two sons in Canada, settled at Nelson, British Columbia:

17 Victoria St., London, S.W.,  
6th February, 1900.  
"Dear Sir:—I beg to acknowledge your letter of yesterday and to thank you very much for your kindness in despatching to Cape Town ten cases of your Pure Grape Brandy, for the use of the Canadian contingent—a gift which is sure to be much appreciated. Yours very truly,  
(Signed) Strathcona."

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Natural wavy hair, from \$5.00 to \$25.00  
Artificial wavy hair, from 5.00 to 20.00  
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Mail orders promptly attended to. Patrons outside of Toronto will obtain the satisfaction as if in Toronto. We will exchange if not suited. All mail orders should be accompanied with sample and the amount. See in above illustration how nice Armand's Self-Fastening Switch fits on to the head. Tel. 2498  
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TORONTO





(In Five Parts—Copyrighted.)  
CHAPTER I.

At the Fellow-Man Club.

I WAS enjoying my cigar and newspaper in the smoking-room of the Fellow-Man Club one evening, when Colonel Danforth came striding in and exclaimed:

"I ought to have had him arrested—yes, sir, arrested and sent up for at least sixty days!"

Colonel Danforth is a petulant, irascible man, and easily provoked to anger, but by no means a crank. He walked up and down before me, striking his cane on the floor and waving his unlighted cigar in his hand, and I judged that something had happened at the door as he came in to upset him.

"The idea of it—the idea!" he muttered, as he suddenly came to a halt before me. "I am too soft-hearted, sir—altogether too soft—and these cunning rascals see it and take advantage of me. I've had my lesson, though. Never again, not if I live to be a hundred years old, will that sort of a man play me for a fool!"

"What sort of a man, Colonel?"

"A vag—a tramp—a low-down beat and a liar, sir! I ought to have called a policeman and given him in charge! I ought to have given him my cane over the back!"

"I'd like to hear the story," I said, as I laid my paper aside, and prepared to give attention.

"The idea of a fellow trying to play me that way!" growled the Colonel, as he made ready to light his cigar. "Three nights ago, as I was entering the club, a tramp asked me for money. He was a hard-looking case, but he spoke respectfully, and seemed to have seen better days. Therefore, I gave him a dime. Not only that, but I spent five minutes talking with him and giving him some good advice."

"I understand."

"Last night he was on the watch for me. Yes sir, waylaid me, as it were, and coolly proffered a second request for money. I thought it a very cheeky thing on his part, but finally gave him a nickel and some more advice. To-night, as I came in, he was waiting for me again! Yes, sir, waiting for me, and his audacity almost paralyzed me for a minute."

"You didn't give him anything, of course?"

"Not a penny, sir; but he won't soon forget the few words I flung in his ear! Did you ever hear of such shame-faced impudence in all your life! Is it any wonder that man has lost faith in his fellow-man?"

"Colonel, let's talk a bit," I said, as I made room for him beside me. "I don't know why they called this club the Fellow-Man, as each member seems to look out for himself alone, but perhaps the original idea had something in it. On the first night you gave the tramp a dime and some fatherly advice?"

"I did, sir, but he didn't heed my words."



"NOT A PENNY, SIR!"

"You advised him to go West, didn't you?"

"Of course I did. The East is overcrowded, while land and the price of living are high. Out West that man could secure a home and become a producer in no time."

"Go slow, Colonel. When you said 'Out West' you meant Kansas, Colorado, or Nebraska. What's the fare from this point to Denver, for instance?"

"Why, how should I know?"

"You should know, because you advised him to go. It will cost him \$50 at the very least, and that without sleeping-car or meals. Did the tramp have \$50 for railroad fare? No, he didn't. When he left you he had exactly ten cents. How was he to get out there?"

"You don't figure that I ought to have paid his fare, do you?" shouted the Colonel, who was getting hot again.

"Oh! no! I simply want you to see

## MAKING A MAN

BY JOE KERR

how cheap it is to advise a man to do this or that. I have heard you say that you have never been West. To become a producer, your tramp would have to hire to a stockman or farmer. For every vacant place, even if he could fill them, there are twenty applicants. Perhaps you meant for him to take up land. The cost of taking up the smallest piece of land would be \$100 for the Government and about \$15 for the lawyers. That's \$115 to get your tramp out West and secure his land."

"What are you driving at, sir?"

"Keep cool, Colonel. It's all right to advise a tramp to go West, but let's see how he is coming out. To settle on his land he must have some sort of a house, horses, plows, seed, and lots of other things. He can't bring the cost under \$300. That's pretty close to \$500 in all. You went on the idea that he was a farmer. Out of 100 men you meet on the street, there is not over one who could make a bare living on a farm. I don't suppose your tramp knows enough to shell the corn off the cob before planting it. You gave him some fatherly advice. That is, you advised a man who had only

nothing to reform. The fact that a man is ragged and dirty doesn't give me the privilege of regarding him as vicious. Put a tramp on his feet—give him a fair show—and he'll average up with the rest of mankind. The trouble is that we don't give him a show."

"Didn't I give the rascal fifteen cents?"

"Yes, you did. He may have picked up as much more—he may have got a whole dollar together. What of it! A tramp must eat, and a tramp enjoys a good bed the same as other folks. If his income was a dollar a day his outgo would be all of that for three decent meals and a bed. But his income isn't a dollar a day. If it's half that he's a lucky tramp. He gets a nickel here and there, accompanied by some fatherly advice, and when Saturday night comes he's no better off than he was Monday morning. He's simply lived the week through. There's but one way to render real help to a man who is down."

"And who the d—l has the time or inclination to fool around with a tramp, who'd be sure to beat you in the end?"

"Well, that's as each one thinks. We were talking from a theoretical standpoint, you know. My theory is



I WAS ON MY BACK.

ten cents in his pocket to make a move which could not be carried out for less than \$500."

"But sir—but—but—"

"But we'll go a little further, Colonel. The ten cents paid for his lodging, and bought him a bite to eat. Next morning he was dead broke. You had spoken kindly to him, and, therefore, he laid for you a second time. During the day he may have been rebuffed twenty times. It was his faith in you instead of his cheek which brought him back. You were hardly civil to him. You flung him a nickel, but still advised him to 'Go West.' He certainly wouldn't have returned this evening unless hard-pushed, or, perhaps, he may have wanted advice."

"But think of the cheek of it!" shouted the Colonel.

"I don't see the cheek of it. You gave him fifteen cents in all. Suppose you had given him a quarter altogether? In all good nature, let me ask how much money you have given to tramps in three months?"

"Why, dollars and dollars!"

"Come down to figures, Colonel."

"Well, sir, I—I—I—"

There he stuck.

"You have given just fifteen cents," I continued, "and because of it you talk of losing your faith and all that! All of us are prone to talk of our liberality toward the unfortunate, but the fact remains that we seldom or never give more than a dime at once, and we do not average a quarter per week. If you have given away \$10 per year for the last ten years, you have done a big thing. The actual sum would be nearer \$1. Now, then, because the tramp sized you up as a wealthy and liberal-hearted man and came to you for the third time, you are sorry that you didn't have him arrested!"

"Are you a champion of tramps, sir?" haughtily demanded the Colonel, as he rose up.

"Come, now, but we are simply arguing this question in a good-natured way and looking at all sides of it. As a newspaper man, I have studied the tramp, and many other things. In a general way, you know why a tramp is a tramp, but did you ever ask yourself why he remained a tramp?"

"Because he is too lazy to go to work."

"Wrong again, Colonel. The tramp is an idler only when forced to be. Let a ton of coal be dumped in front of your house, and every tramp who comes that way will apply for the job. It is a good deal with a tramp as it is with a convict. When the latter comes out of prison he is a marked man, no one will give him a fair show. The average tramp may be a good waiter, clerk or mechanic, but as a tramp he cannot secure employment, even in a coal-yard. He is a tramp. That is popularly supposed to mean

that he is lazy and vicious. If you had put a good suit of clothes on that man and had him cleaned up he would have had a show to get out of trampism. As it is, he must stay down."

"Do you pretend to say that a tramp can be reformed?" exclaimed the Colonel, as he looked at me in pity.

"Why not? There may even be nothing to reform. The fact that a man is ragged and dirty doesn't give me the privilege of regarding him as vicious. Put a tramp on his feet—give him a fair show—and he'll average up with the rest of mankind. The trouble is that we don't give him a show."

"Didn't I give the rascal fifteen cents?"

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trembled with weakness. I reached for his coat collar with my right hand, got hold of his leg with my left, and it was no exertion at all to roll him off and come over on top.

"Now, then," said I, as I sat on his legs, "what sort of a performance do you call this?"

"I started in to rob you!" he quietly replied.

"Oh! that was it? Well, you are not a success as a robber. Most any ten-year-old boy could handle you! What's your name?"

"John Graham."

"And where do you live?"

"Nowhere in particular."

"On the tramp, eh? And so you thought you'd try highway robbery for a change?"

"Say, mister," replied the man, who was not making the slightest trouble, "I've got nothing to say about it. Just turn me over to an officer and have done with it!"

I rose up off his legs, extended my hand to give him a lift, and when he was on his feet he had to lean against the bricks for support.

"Had anything to eat to-day?" I queried.

"Not a crumb!" he faintly replied. At that instant a policeman sauntered up and stopped to observe the pair of us. He couldn't make out what had happened, but he knew that John Graham was a vagrant, and he instinctively reached out his arm as he said:

"Come on, now, but I'm going to run you in and give you a home for the next three months!"

"I have already arranged matters with him," I said.

"In what way?"

"Well, I think I'll give him a show."

"All nonsense."

"But I'll do it. He's a hard-looking pill. I admit, but I believe he's got something behind his rags to build on."

"It's all nonsense your fooling away time and money on the likes of him!" said the officer, as he turned away in disgust.

"We shall see. I'm going to give him a try, anyhow."

The officer sauntered away, and after looking at me for half a minute the vagrant said:

"You'd have better let me gone to prison. That's about the only place in this world where they give a poor man a show—in prison. All get the same fare, the same rooms, the same clothes, the same rules to go by. Bring back your 'peeler' and I'll be going."

"Cold?" I asked, as a chill seemed to go over him.

"Not so very. That was only a shiver. Say! Maybe you won't believe me, but I began shivering in November, and didn't stop until three days ago. It was a shivering winter for me."

"Hungry, I presume?"

"You can go no further, pard. You can bet your bottom dollar that I'm hungry! Why wouldn't I be? I had a biscuit two days ago, but nothing since, and I'm telling you right when I say that I have a vacant room to let!"

"Come on!"

He followed me a distance of three blocks, neither of us speaking, but all the time I realized that he was weak on his feet and almost ready to fall down. We finally reached a pretty fair eating-house, and I seated John at a table and took a chair a few feet away and ordered the woman to bring him supper.

"Who's to pay?" she asked, as she looked from one to the other with doubt in her eyes.

"I am. Here's half a dollar. Fill him up."

"Pard—stranger—mister man!" whispered John, as he disappeared into the kitchen. "I don't exactly catch on to your object in doing all this, but I want to warn you that if you are a cannibal, and are planning to fatten me up for eating, you'll throw away a year's time and a thousand dollars in cash in doing it!"

"You go right ahead and perform with knife and fork. After you have eaten all there is in the house I'm going to take you up to a barber shop, and when you get through there we'll go to a clothing store. Then we'll sit down and talk."

"You—you don't mean it!" he gasped, as he rose up from his chair.

"But I do."

"And I'm to eat all I can hold?"

"Yes."

"And then have a shave, a haircut and a bath?"

"Yes."

"And then get into a new suit of clothes—regular clothes—coat, vest, and pantaloons, and perhaps a clean shirt?"

"Yes."

"And then you are going to sit down alongside of me, just as if I was one of God's own creatures, and have a talk?"

"Yes."

"It can't be! It can't be! Say, ketch hold—hold—"

But before I could reach him he had lurched out of his chair, and lay like one dead on the floor. Yes, John Graham—tramp, vagabond, hungry and ragged and hopeless, one of God's worms being crushed without remorse every hour in the day under the heels of luxury—had fainted away for the first time in his life.

That was proof sufficient, wasn't it, that he was a human being? Horses, cows and dogs sometimes roll over and lie dazed and helpless for a moment, but it is generally from a blow which has fallen on a nerve center, or from some temporary ailment not known to human anatomy. Yes, John was a human being. His stomach was empty, his vitality weak, and his adventure, together with the prospect of a square meal and a new suit of clothes, had knocked him out.

"And this is a pretty muss, isn't it?" exclaimed the woman, as she came in with his supper and found me bending over the unconscious vag.

"He couldn't help it," I protested. "Here's a dollar for his meal, and so you'll be nothing out."

"The vagabones!" she muttered, as she looked down on him.

"Come, now, but he's an unfortunate. Get me a hot whisky."

"Unfortunately! Why, the likes of him ought to go down and drown himself!" she snarled, as she went after the drink.

It was plain enough when I looked about me that she was poor in purse, and that it was a continual struggle with her to make a living, but I was not surprised at her bitter tone toward poor John. When a man is "down on his luck"—way down to the last but-not—he gets no more consolation from the poor than the rich. Indeed, they sometimes sneer and revile at him, while the rich simply ignore his existence. It's all human nature, twist it about as you will. The man who needs the world's charity gets the least of it.

I got some of the hot stuff down his throat, gave him a vigorous rubbing, and by and by he came to. But there was a look in his face I did not like. It was pinched and drawn, and

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**A Short History of the Fenians.**

PROBABLY on account of the strong feeling the Irish, especially those living in the United States, have manifested in favor of the Boers, a vague rumor was for a time floating around that the Fenians were preparing for another invasion of Canada. Perhaps this report had something to do with the recent action of the Government, of bestowing medals on those old soldiers who had fought in the Fenian raids. This agitation has brought before our minds again those attacks in which the baptismal blood of Canadians was shed.

Ever since the time the Earl of Pembroke, with an armed following, crossed from England to the Irish coast and claimed that country as a conquest for Henry II, Ireland has been a thorn in the side of Britain. The Celts, the inhabitants of the island, have never been able to settle down peacefully with their Saxon conquerors, but are forever quarreling or finding subjects over which they may raise a feud. From the time William III. began to reign, the condition of Ireland began to improve, and she was treated more as a sister by England, till 1800, when the two countries were made one. Now though this, from the example of Scotland, should have been considered a great advancement for Ireland, nevertheless a great many, mostly men of the lower classes, were very much opposed to having their Parliament over in London instead of at their own Cork. When the Act of Union was passed, these men emigrated to the United States, where many of their countrymen, generally rebels in different insurrections, had escaped, before them. After this large immigration, the Irish in the United States might be numbered by millions. Most of these had left the home country on account of hatred towards England, and this feeling was by no means soothed by the republican views of this country, which had not long since torn the bonds between itself and the Mother Land. All that the Irish suffered at home was laid at the doors of the English.

After the troubles of 1848, a brotherhood, embracing all the Irish at home and abroad, was formed, with the object of putting down the power of the English and making Ireland a republic. This society received its name Fenian from the Finians, or Finii, the old militia of Ireland, which was so called from Fingal, a popular hero of Irish traditional history.

The war between the North and the South, which just about this time broke out in the United States, presented a splendid chance to these Fenians for making themselves experienced in war, and thus preparing for their contest with the English. In a great many cases there was another reason, which does little credit to the United States, though it was done without any authority of the Government. The agents recruiting for the war, in order to entice the Irish, would hold out promises to the men that if they would fight for the Union against the Confederates, when the war was over the Union, in return, would help the Fenians in their design against the British Empire.

The members of the Brotherhood now became bolder, a president was elected, a senate formed, and a republic declared by these Irish in America, and as yet they had not one foot of property. Such a rabble had not the power of holding together long, and a division soon took place amongst them. General Sweeney, Secretary of War, with the greater part of the senate, broke away from the President, O'Mahony, and declared a new republic. They did this for two reasons. Firstly, because they said O'Mahony was not managing the financial affairs properly, and secondly, because he sent money and supplies to Ireland, while General Sweeney thought the only way was to attack Britain at her weak point, namely, Canada. The plan for the invasion of Canada was begun at once by the new republic, and when completed was given out by General Sweeney.

At the end of May, 1866, an advance was to be made simultaneously from points along the American frontier, from St. Alban's, Vermont, to Chicago—a distance of 1,500 miles. The Fenians claim that from 50,000 to 70,000 men were designed for operations against Canada, while the Canadians say that not more than 15,000 or 20,000 men were at any one time in action. The presence of this army in Canada was a crime against international law, against innocent Canada, which had done them no offence; against civilization, against the liberty and safety of a free people, which America should ever be forward to vindicate, against the declared authority of the bishops and priests of the Roman Catholic Church, to which the members of the Fenian Brotherhood professed to belong.

May 30th, a telegram arrived in Canada from Buffalo, saying, "The Fenians from Cleveland arrived here this morning. Several fights occurred on the train, and out of 342 who started, quite a number were left behind by the way, badly hurt. One at Ashtabula will die. They left the train one mile outside of Buffalo, separated, and are now scattered through the worst places of the city, and are very disorderly. Two are in jail for shooting at a policeman who attempted to arrest them for misconduct. There is no possibility of any organized movement to-night. The entire police force is on duty. Some think the movement a blind to an attempt elsewhere." This, by the way, gives us a very good idea of the illustrious men

who formed this brilliant brotherhood. This information, with other, led to the belief that the Fenians were going to attempt to cross the St. Lawrence, but many were not deceived. The Niagara frontier is the point where a hostile army in the United States will always endeavor to penetrate Canada. This section of the country was the whole scene of the operations of the Fenian and Canadian forces in this campaign.

Early in the morning of June 1st, a large body of the Fenians crossed from Black Rock and landed at a place called Lower Ferry, and under General O'Neil took possession of an old broken-down fort called Fort Erie. This man O'Neil has been described as a young and ardent Fenian from Nashville, about twenty-five years of age. His height was five feet seven or eight; he had a slim, active figure, light colored hair, grey eyes, and a ruddy face, somewhat freckled. His voice was soft and his manner courteous. During the war he had been a cavalry officer in the United States army, and had been awarded a captaincy on account of his brave conduct in an engagement. When General Napier, who was in command of the regular troops in Upper Canada, heard that the Fenians had crossed over to Canada, he at once despatched Lt.-Col. Dennis with four hundred of the Queen's Own to Colborne, and Col. Geo. Peacock was placed in command of the Niagara frontier. Gen. Peacock's regulars arrived at Chippawa and the colonel determined to effect a junction of the two divisions at a point a few miles north-west of Fort Erie, and then march the entire force against the invaders. At Port Colborne Colonel Dennis varied the plans slightly and sent some volunteers under Col. Booker off by rail to Fort Erie. Arriving at that place, they came upon O'Neil at Ridgeway, and his men made a gallant attack. Booker, however, had never been in an engagement, and had no proper staff to advise him. News arrived that Col. Peacock could not arrive for some time. Just then some of the skirmishers saw O'Neil and some of his men ride to the front of the army, and thought a body of cavalry was about to attack them. At once they sent forth the cry of "Cavalry! Cavalry!" Booker caused to be sounded twice "Retire," and then "Double." O'Neil saw the retreat of the Canadians, but did not make any attempt to follow them. He retired again on Fort Erie. Meanwhile a force from Port Colborne came by water to Fort Erie and took possession of it, capturing a few stragglers. These last, after the invasion was over, the Government, instead of killing, caused to be imprisoned for life in penitentiary. When O'Neil saw the forces concentrating upon him he recrossed the river, and thus ended the first attempt to take possession of Canada. For those men who fell at Ridgeway a fine monument was erected in Queen's Park, Toronto.

The Fenian invasion only became possible by sufferance of Yankee popular opinion. The feeling of the United States at this time was anything but kindly towards Great Britain and Canada, because she thought they had helped the South against the Union. They expressed their feelings warmly in many of their newspapers, but we shall only glance at one extract. This was taken from the New York Citizen, and runs as follows: "The mistake of the Fenians was that they allowed too much talking and writing about their contemplated movements. They should have collected all their men and material along the frontier. Their equipments were plentiful and good, and without allowing one word to leak out of what they were doing, they might have accomplished their purpose. This, taught by experience, they promise to do next fall, and if so their success cannot be doubtful." This is only one, but there were a great many, and all to the same purpose.

The Citizen, however, was mistaken, for the next raid was not made till 1870, when the Canadian Government was pressed by the Red River troubles. O'Neil again gathered his forces, and two attacks were made, one on a little village at the head of Missisquoi Bay, and the other into Huntingdon county. Both were easily repulsed by a small band of volunteers. At Missisquoi Bay, O'Neil was watching the fight from the garret window of a cer-

tain house. The owner, seeing that the Canadians were getting the best of the day, became enraged at having such a man in his house, so he seized and thrust him out of doors. The American marshal of St. Alban's arrived on the scene with officers and a coach to take O'Neil prisoner. They caught him just as he was emerging from behind a lumber pile. O'Neil threatened to call his men to his assistance, but he was thrust into the coach with such expedition and driven off so quickly that he had no time to make any resistance.

The next year, in October, the third and last raid was threatened upon the Manitoba frontier. O'Donohue, who had figured in the Red River rebellion, and O'Neil, were the leaders. This engagement was the most disastrous of any. An American marshal, with the help of his officers, took possession of the whole party, and put them under arrest.

This came to an end the hostile movements of the Fenians; ignominiously, we must confess, as such a movement deserved to end. They were not altogether hurtful for Canada. Seeing how necessary it was for strength against a common enemy, it precipitated the confederation of the provinces.

**Pale and Languid.**  
The Condition of Very Many Young Girls in Canada.

They are Subject to Headaches, Heart Trouble, and an Indisposition to Exercise—Parents should Act Promptly in Such Cases.

Miss Alma Gauthier, daughter of Mr. Adelard Gauthier, proprietor of a well-known hotel at Three Rivers, Que., enjoys a wide popularity among her young friends, and they have recently had occasion to rejoice at her restoration to health after a serious illness. When a reporter called to ascertain the facts of the case, Miss Gauthier was out of the city on a visit, but her father very gladly consented to give the story of her cure. He said: "I believe that had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills my daughter Alma might now have been in her grave, and I would be ungrateful indeed if I did not at all times say a kind word in favor of the medicine that restored her to health. My daughter's health first began to give way several years ago. At first the trouble did not appear to be serious, and we thought she would soon regain her accustomed health. As time went on, however, this proved not to be the case. She grew weaker, was troubled with headaches, poor appetite, dizziness, and a feeling of almost constant languor. She was treated by a good doctor, but still there was no improvement. She seemed to be gradually fading away. If she walked up stairs she would have to stop several times to rest on the way. She lost all her color, and her face was as white as chalk. Her trouble was clearly that which afflicts so many young women entering womanhood, and we feared it would develop into consumption. One day a friend of the family urged her to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and she consented, and procured a couple of boxes. Before they were quite gone, there was a slight improvement in her appetite, and we looked upon this as a hopeful sign. Another half dozen boxes were procured, and under their use she day by day acquired new strength and new interest in life. She is now as healthy a girl as there is in Three Rivers, with every trace of her pallor and languor gone. This is entirely due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I am rejoiced to be able to say so publicly."

The case of Miss Gauthier certainly carries with it a lesson to other parents, whose daughters may be pale, languid, easily tired, or subject to headaches, or the other distressing symptoms that mark the onward progress of anaemia. In cases of this kind Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will give more certain and speedy results than any other medicine. They act promptly and directly, making new, rich red blood, and strengthening the nerves, and correct all the irregularities incident to this critical period.

Sold by all dealers, or sent post paid at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

**Lady Smith of Ladysmith.**

THE odd name of Ladysmith, the beleaguered South African town, which recent events have brought so much into prominence, has naturally awakened curiosity. Journalists discovered some time ago that the town had been named for the wife of a former Governor of the Cape; now a writer in a London paper relates the story of Sir Harry Smith and his wife, who was a Spanish noblewoman.

Sir Harry Smith, together with his two brothers, Thomas and Charles, fought through the Peninsular war. At the battle of Coa two of the brothers were wounded, Thomas severely in the knee, Sir Harry slightly, although enough to necessitate his being sent to the hospital, many miles

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.**  
For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

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CEYLON TEA

Every day deprives you of a pleasure. If you are not one of these, words may not convince you—a trial certainly will.

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from the front. They were conveyed thither over a rough country in a jolting, springless country cart, their wounds untended, and the motion causing them intense pain at every lurch.

The two brothers, on their arrival, were placed in neighboring beds in the same hospital, and a young doctor was summoned to dress their wounds, which were in a frightful condition from neglect. Reluctantly approaching the first bed, in which Thomas lay, this surgeon-poppinjay gingerly removed the bandage from the sufferer's shattered knee, at the same time keeping by him a large bouquet, which he carried to his nose and sniffed at every other moment.

The spectacle of his suffering brother treated as an object of disgust by such a creature as this, was too much for Sir Harry's temper. Mustering all his strength, he leaped from his bed, fell upon the amazed doctor, and fairly kicked him out of the room and down the stairs, bouquet and all. For this extraordinary breach of military discipline he was brought before the Duke of Wellington and reprimanded; but the reprimand was not severe, and it was an open secret that the duke regarded the affair as a good joke, and thought none the less of the high-spirited young major for his fraternal championship.

At the siege of Balafoz, a little later, Sir Harry was standing with the general and his staff, when a Spanish countess and her young sister came to implore protection. The girl was extremely beautiful. Sir Harry assisted them, paid rapid and ardent court to the young lady, and soon made her Lady Smith. She was a devoted wife, and accompanied her husband throughout all his succeeding campaigns. For her services to the wounded at the battle of Chillianwalla, she received a medal from the Government.

After his Indian triumphs, Sir Harry was made Governor of the Cape, and he and his faithful wife are now commemorated by the names of three African towns—Aliwal, named from his greatest victory, Harrismith and Ladysmith—Youth's Companion.

**No Rest for Him.**

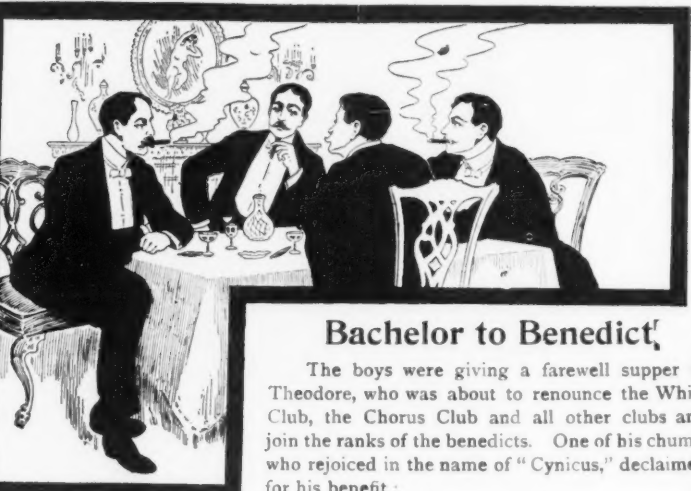
He Dreaded When Night Came on—A Well-known Toronto Citizen Tells of His Years of Suffering from Asthma—Was Cured by Clarke's Kola Compound.

Mr. J. Ponston, driver for Mr. J. Walsh, soda water manufacturer, Toronto, writes: "I have been a great sufferer from that dread disease asthma for eight years, finally the disease becoming so severe that I could not rest at night. I dreaded when night came on, for there was no rest for me. I suffered only what an asthmatic can realize. I tried many remedies; at last the stuff I smoked lost its effect. I consulted my family doctor, and after a few weeks' treatment said he could do nothing for me. I thought it funny that the science of medicine had done nothing for the poor asthmatic. A neighbor, who had been cured by Clarke's Kola Compound, advised me to try it. I procured a bottle, which helped me some. I took in all five bottles, and it has worked wonders in my case, and have not since lost a night's sleep or a day's work. It is truly a wonderful remedy, and I can cheerfully recommend it to any sufferer from asthma." Clarke's Kola Compound is sold by all druggists or by the Griffiths and Macpherson Co., Limited, 121 Church street, Toronto.

"What is a bachelor, Aunt Martha?" "Oh, he's a man who thinks every girl that looks at him intends to marry him."—Indianapolis Journal.

The society editor of the Daily Bread, who was acting temporarily as news editor, worked over in this style a despatch pertaining to a battle: "General Walker announces the engagement of Colonel Thompson with a considerable force of the enemy yesterday afternoon. Colonel Thompson will be at home within the enemy's lines until exchanged."—Chicago Tribune.

**TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.**  
Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.



**Bachelor to Benedict**

The boys were giving a farewell supper to Theodore, who was about to renounce the Whist Club, the Chorus Club and all other clubs and join the ranks of the benedicts. One of his chums, who rejoiced in the name of "Cynicus," declaimed for his benefit:

**WHY I NEVER MARRIED**

Could I give up all the pleasures That a single man may claim, Could I see my bachelor treasures Snuffed at by a scornful dame?	No! I couldn't and I wouldn't, And I didn't, as you see; Of every life the bachelor's life Is just the life for me.
Could I have my choice Havanas Bandied all about the place, Strewn around like cheap bananas, Looked upon as a disgrace?	I buy my cigars at Muller's— It's the best store I know— For his cigars are good cigars, They're mild, sweet and mellow.

G. W. MULLER.

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BOVRIL is Delicious  
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# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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## THE DRAMA



### LITTLE NELL

### THE MARCHIONESS

Two weeks ago we had an opportunity of seeing Thackeray dramatized. This week, at the Grand, we see a dramatization of a novel by Thackeray's great rival. The Old Curiosity Shop is said to have won more friends for Dickens than any other one of his books. I think it is true that it has had more readers than Vanity Fair, although the latter work has been pronounced the finest novel ever written. As a play, Little Nell and the Marchioness does not create the sensation called forth by the production of Mrs. Fiske. Nor is it to be expected. Becky Sharp had the advantage of being enacted by one of the most accomplished actresses living, while no expense was spared in the supporting company and stage accessories. Little Nell is played by an unheralded young lady. Becky Sharp was not extremely dramatic, but it had at least two thrilling incidents. Little Nell contains nothing really dramatic. The chief delight of Dickens' novels is not found in what his characters do, nor what they say even, but in the way Dickens relates what they do and say. This charm, of course, is lost in the dramatic form. We are forced to watch the action with our own eyes, instead of Dickens', and we are not apt to see as much as he did. We lose his little comments and humorous fancies, and look for interest in comparatively bare plot and dialogue. If one knows one's Dickens, however, one can supply what is lacking, for the characters conform closely to the book. The make-ups are said to have been designed from the original illustrations in the novel. Little Nell is really a delightful little play, very quiet, of course, but very pretty, with an unusual number of good character sketches. Miss Mary Sanders, who takes the parts of both Little Nell and the Marchioness, is a very clever young actress. Little Nell of the novel is criticized for being unreal and fanciful, but Miss Sanders overcomes this objection admirably. She showed to better advantage still as the Marchioness, the dirty-faced, pure-hearted little Cockney slavey. The Dick Swiveller of Mr. Max Figman was also excellent. There was the Dickens humor in him, and the scenes showing Dick and the Marchioness together are the happiest of the play. That extraordinary character, Quilp, was well done by Mr. Anderson.

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second and third acts. Humpty Dumpty, however, drops all disguise and appears as a clown. The wall, the only bit of the play that is true to the story, disappears, while as for all the king's men and horses, they do not come into view at all.

I witnessed one of the most miserable attempts at a stage performance I ever saw in my life, at the Empire last Saturday afternoon. It was not that the show was dirty—though there was dirt in it. It was poor, weak, stupid, amateurish, and half a dozen other like adjectives. The comedians were vulgar, horse-playing clowns, and the girls harsh-voiced and gawky. It was most disgusting to see a couple of hundred people content to sit all afternoon in that barn-like place watching stupid vulgarity on a one-horse stage. If vaudeville were what those people wanted, for the same price of admission they might have seen a performance at Shea's which made the critics wonder how it could have been put on for the money. They could have purchased down-stairs seats in any one of three comfortable modern theaters, the only drawback being that in these no smoking is permitted. They might have gone up in the gallery of the first-class theater of the town for the quarter of a dollar wasted at the Empire. At a rough calculation, taking last Saturday's as a sample, and its demonstrations of applause as a criterion, I should judge that the average intelligence of the Empire audiences would rattle about in a nut-shell.

The most slippery customer that ever donned a pair of handcuffs is to be seen at Shea's this week, namely and to wit: The Mysterious Houdini, the Mystifying, Marvellous Magician, King of Handcuffs. It is stated that "police officers stand powerless and nonplussed at his marvellous, inexplicable escapes." Houdini was at a sometime earlier period in his history a prisoner in Hungary. His offence is not stated. As he is a fine-looking, intelligent young man, it was probably a political. Nothing in the way of dungeon cells and manacles could hold him. There wasn't a prison in Hungary that was strong enough, for it seems he was incarcerated in about all of them. He finally grew tired of breaking jail and came to America. Here he turned his genius for lock-picking to account on the stage. He undertakes to unlock any pair of handcuffs clasped on his wrists, and, what is more, he does it. Another of his tricks is to have his hands tied behind his back, retire behind the screen and come forth immediately with his coat off and his hands still tied. His final effort is positively wonderful. His hands are tied behind his back by two people from the audience, he is tied and sealed up in a bag, shut up in a trunk, on which there are six locks and four bands of rope. The trunk is pushed behind the screen. Inside of half a minute the Hungarian re-appears, his coat off, the trunk that the bag inside is occupied, the seals unbroken, the strings are cut and a young lady, with Houdini's coat on, is locked and roped as before. On being opened it is seen found inside. This coat, by the way, has been borrowed from a man in the audience. It takes longer to open the trunk in the full view of the audience than it did to make the exchange of occupants behind the screen. The other turns are up to standard.

Mr. Owen A. Smily proved his right to the name Entertainer, a much-abused title ordinarily, at Association Hall last Tuesday night, when he gave his annual recital before a goodly assemblage. Mr. Smily's role is that of the monologist, but he introduces music, both vocal and instrumental, into his selections in a manner that prevents the slightest tinge of monotony. He has, too, the merit of originality, writing his own sketches, though his rendition of Tennyson's *Revenge* showed him to be capable of high elocutionary efforts, when he chose. Miss Frances World, soprano, the possessor of a voice of rare strength and sweetness; Miss Nellie James, a young lady with a beautiful contralto voice and magnificent stage presence; Mrs. Nicol-Smith, accompanist and pianiste, and Glionna-Marsicano's efficient orchestra assisted in a most enjoyable programme.

With Becky Sharp Mr. Small made the most successful engagement, by several thousands of dollars, that Mrs. Fiske ever enjoyed here, and he evidently intends to repeat the same success with Robert Mantell, who will be seen at the Toronto Opera House within the next few weeks. This will be the first and perhaps the only appearance of the romantic actor at popular prices. He will be seen in his new play, *The Dagger and the Cross*, a dramatization from Joseph Hatton's novel by William A. Treymann, the Montreal newspaperman, who wrote *A Secret Warrant* for him. Mr. Mantell's tour is still under the direction of Mart. W. Hanley, the New York theatrical manager, so well known in Toronto. The engagement of Mr. Mantell at popular prices is one of the best theatrical bargains of the year.

Mr. Elbert Hubbard, of that unique magazine *The Philistine*, will be in Toronto on Friday, the second of March, when he will speak on Roycroft Ideals, at the Conservatory of Music. Mr. Hubbard, while issuing the *Philistine*, decided to publish certain books in a really fine way. So well appreciated have his efforts been that in the Roycroft Shop he has now about one hundred helpers, whose aim is not how cheaply, but how well they can make things with their hands. While William Morris has been the inspiration of the Roycrofters, their work has an individuality all its own. Wherever the author of "Little Journeys" and "The Message to Garcia" lectures a cultured and appreciative audience has been delightfully entertained.

James K. Hackett comes to the Grand next week in *Rupert of Hentzau* and *The Pride of Jennico*, a dramatization of Egerton Castle's novel.

Courted into Court, May Irwin's great success, will be presented at the Toronto Opera House next week by Clifford and Huth.

### THE MESSENGER BOY.

Mr. Edmund Payne's *The Messenger Boy*, at the Gaiety, is built on the sending of a messenger boy to Egypt.



JOSEPH ADELMANN, THE XYLOPHONE PLAYER, AT SHEA'S NEXT WEEK.



"What did the girls say when you told them of your engagement?"  
"Oh, the wretches! Emmy said, 'Already?' and Katie said, 'Again!'"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Tommy Bang's departure is the signal for the rest to follow. led, of course, by Miss Katie Seymour, a lady's maid.

Tommy.—I'm a little messenger  
Summoned by a call;  
I should very much prefer  
To be big and tall.

Rosa.—I would be a nursemaid, neat,  
Trying hard to cross the street.  
(Dialogue.)

Rosa.—Oh, policeman, hold me tight!  
Tommy.—All right, miss!  
Rose.—Hansoms give me such a fright!  
Tommy.—All right, miss!

Mr. Mackinder plays the Queen's Messenger, also bound to reach Egypt, and to him are entrusted some of the most amusing couplets of the evening. The Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary, song, for instance, contains several excellent parodies. Quoted is one stanza of this lady's adventures as rendered by Mr. Mackinder:

Her first was a curate, seraphic but slow,  
The other men called him a softy;  
His views, I believe, were remarkably "low."  
His aims were remarkably lofty.  
He wanted Miss Mary to wed him and come  
To live in a Bermondsey lane.  
Instructing the sinners that dwell in the slum—  
Which frightened Miss Mary Maclean.  
Mary, Mary, quite contrary,  
Sent him away with speed;  
She liked the sinners that give you dinners  
And not the poor sinners you feed.

In the course of his remarkable adventures no one is of greater assistance to Tommy Bang than Captain Pott, whose timely boat to Egypt and sympathetic method of Egyptology exactly suited both Tommy and his audience:

Captain Naylor.—We'll play a game of Pyramids and mark it on the Sphinx;  
Captain Pott.—We'll make up ancient mummies with a course of modern drinks;

Cosmos.—We'll see an Eastern dancing girl who's up to Western winks—  
All.—With a yo heave ho, my hearties!

Miss Connie Ediss is Tommy Bang's mamma, and besides the perpetual ebullition of her extraordinary utterance, gives vent to one or two songs; the cleverest, however, of these, in the Wash, is not quite "pleasant," nor is the Raree song altogether on a level with her way to Treat a Lady.

Such a stanza, for instance, as the following (though its forefathership must be attributed to Lewis Carroll) is excellent work, and but one example from many:—

Pot.—Oh! ask the advice of the Captain—  
He's such a remarkable man!  
It's awfully nice of the Captain  
To tell you as much as he can.  
If you want to be told why the ocean is cold,  
Or what makes the breezes to blow,  
Just mention the point to the Captain,  
For the Captain's sure to know!

### "They Visit the Sick."

THE thirteenth annual report (1899) of the "Nursing-at-Home" Mission, 76 Hayter street, certainly deserves much more space than is at my disposal. Mrs. Sutherland-Stayner, president, sets forth as the object of the Mission "To provide Christian nurses who shall visit the sick without fee, in the name and for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ, to give them both material and spiritual assistance." Even in the dulled ears of us worldlings this object sounds like a sacred and saintly mission, and, as one reads of the good things done by the devoted women, who, during the year, made from twenty to thirty visits a day to the poor and friendless who lay sick with none to help them, a feeling that we should help, with what money we can spare, in extending their gracious ministrations, it is to be hoped becomes too strong an impulse to be denied.

There were during '99 but seven nurses on the staff, besides two or three associates in partial training for foreign fields, yet during the year 428 patients were attended, 350 of whom were women, 18 girls, 24 infants, 19 men, and 11 boys, being twenty-eight ultimately sent to the hospitals. Out of these there were 33 deaths; a total of 5,550 visits were made—not including occasional calls—217 of them being all-night duty; the nurses working, in all, under 140 doctors. The list of visits takes no note of 157 infant patients, who were washed and tended daily while the mothers were being nursed. The patients in the dispensary numbered 4,152. The total patients nursed were slightly less than in 1898, but this is more than accounted for by the fact that night work has been undertaken to an extent not attempted before, being 177 nights in excess of the previous year, and night duty shuts the nurse up with one patient for twelve hours, whereas on day duty she can visit four or five in the same time. A larger number of doctors than ever before have availed themselves of the Mission, and it is shown that the services of the nurses are appreciated, inasmuch as doctors sometimes refuse critical cases amongst the poor unless some hope for the cure of the patient is found in the attendance of a nurse. Sometimes six or eight consecutive nights on duty are required where it means the saving of a life.

The Mission pays its expenses with cash in advance, nor is it ever lacking for enough to pay expenses. A list of donations included many useful articles, principally delicacies for the sick, and one lady paid for a telephone instead of putting it in her own house, hoping that it would

be more useful there than in her home. The Mission also acknowledges sewing done, over a thousand garments having been sent in. Regret is expressed for the retirement of the late president, Mrs. Brodie, and for the loss of Mrs. Baillie, the late superintendent, whose place is not yet filled.

The petitions sent in from the dying for a nurse are pathetic, one poor sick and weary woman saying: "Send a nurse as often as you can; it makes my room a paradise while she is with me." A pretty story is told in the president's report. As a sick woman was being carried out to a hospital ambulance the nurse, noticing that the men lifting her did it carelessly, if not roughly, ventured to object, saying, softly, "Insomuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these—" finishing the words almost to herself. The incident passed and was forgotten, when the other day the ambulance being called for another patient, the same nurse was there. As soon as the attendant recognized her he took off his hat, saying, "I am glad to see you. You are the nurse who believes in handling the people tenderly for Christ's sake. I have never forgotten those words, and I want to tell you that there isn't a day since that I haven't done my work differently."

A number of prominent physicians deliver lectures to the nurses, examine them in their progress made; lessons are given on cooking for the sick, and all the auxiliary institutions in the city seem to be extending a warm hand to the Mission. One is surprised in reading over the treasurer's report to see with how little money so much good has been done. Including the city grant of \$250 and general donations in cash of \$1,078, the total receipts only amounted to \$1,518.70, while the disbursements for maintaining the home for the year, seven nurses, a servant, and all the incidentals, cost just fifty-three cents less than the amount received. Much store is set upon the pastoral work of some of those who occupy our pulpits, but, without disparaging the work of ministers and church societies, I think I would not be venturing too much to say that no two of our fashionable churches whose expenses are ten times as great as those of the Nursing-at-Home Mission, have done so much really good work for humanity and the spiritual benefit of those most needing attention, as this little society which is so unpretentious that probably its existence is known to but few outside of those benefited.

—Don.

### Notes From the Capital.

THE Royal Canadian Academy is holding its twenty-first annual exhibition this week in the National Gallery—a not too imposing building, either inside or outside, situated on O'Connor street. The lower part of the building is devoted to the Canadian fish exhibit. There are hatcheries there, and visitors are allowed to go in and watch the process, a privilege of which residents of the Capital rarely avail themselves. This part of the building is quite suitable for the business assigned to it, but the rest falls short of the requirements of a National Gallery. Almost always, the Governor-General, in his speech on the opening night, alludes to the inadequacy of this place, and hopes that before long Ottawa will have a proper Art Gallery, worthy the name of National. The Earl of Minto, who does not run to extreme originality in any particular, followed the example of his predecessors and advocated a new building. Lord Minto, in fact, got quite interested in his subject, and made a longer speech than he has been heard to make since his arrival in Canada. The Countess sat beside him, listening with rapt attention. She does not pull her sleeve now and again, to offer a suggestion, as Lady Aberdeen could never refrain from doing when her noble husband was speaking. Lord Aberdeen, however, had originality, and it was well for him to have some one to pull him up now and again. He had a delightful way of rambling on. It was always a pleasure to listen to Lord Aberdeen.

The President, Mr. Robert Harris, of Montreal, read a long essay on something. Nobody except those upon the platform with him knew what it was about, but the others guessed it had some reference to pictures. There was a band up in a gallery overlooking the hall. The men in the band wore red coats, and played *Soldiers of the Queen*, of which one is growing tired, and other military tunes; the crowd moved about the room, glancing at catalogues and looking about at the people. It was a smart gathering of men and women in evening dress. Lady Minto wore a black gown, with a twist of blue in her hair. A "private view" is quite the most unsatisfactory occasion on which to see the pictures. To really enjoy these, one must go alone in the quiet morning hours, or early in the afternoon. One of the finest portraits in the exhibition—if not the finest—is Mr. Dickson Patterson's painting of Sir George Kirkpatrick, which most people in Toronto know well, for it is loaned from Government House. Mr. Robert Harris has a good portrait of Hon. W. H. Tuck, Chief Justice of New Brunswick. He has also a very lovely portrait study. There are some beautiful pictures, both in oils and in water colors, by the late Lucius O'Brien, who, as His Excellency said in his speech, was fond of representing Canadian subjects, and managed to strike a genuine Canadian note in his paintings. One of the finest oils is, in the Harbor of St. John, N.B. Gertrude E. Spurr has several oils as well as some water colors. One of her best is *Drag Creek, Haliburton*. The *Dry Watercourse*, by Homer Watson, is a strong painting. Indeed, there are many good pictures there, and all proper Canadians must feel a thrill of pride at the number and quality of them, only regretting that the limitations of space oblige their being crowded a bit, and hoping, with His Excellency and his predecessors, that a respectable National Gallery may one day arise in Ottawa. Lady Victoria Grey was not with the Countess of Minto that night. There was an impromptu skating party on the pond at Government House, at which Lady Victoria Grey played hostess, assisted by Mrs. Drummond, who chaperoned the affair, and afterwards entertained the company at supper at Rideau Cottage. The Chinese lanterns which had lighted the rink on the occasion of the night skating party a week before, did service again. There were between twenty and twenty-five people there, all energetic skaters, and kindred souls, who made the supper party afterwards go off brightly.

Lord Strathcona's Horse are quartered out at the Exhibition grounds. Very comfortable, though not too commodious, quarters have been given them in the cattle sheds. They occupy stalls hitherto the property of prize cattle. Over the different compartments one reads "Devons," "Jerseys," "Holsteins," "Herefords." The humor of the situation is taken in by the merry troopers, who direct the enquiring stranger, "You'll find him among the Devons," or, "He's one of the Jerseys." They are a fine-looking lot of men, even without their uniforms. When clothed in khaki they will be splendid. Many of the troopers are gentlemen. Some of the officers, before they can attain to a looked-for superiority, had better brush up a bit their style and appearance.

Several officers appointed to the Strathcona Horse are not thought, by most people, quite up to the mark of perfection which one looks for in such a regiment. Even at riding, they have much to learn. A funny man here started a joke, which has quickly gone the rounds, by saying he pitied that poor horse of Strathcona's, the queer things they were putting on it. The troopers, though, are all right. About twenty of them added greatly to the success of a delightful dance, given last Tuesday evening in the Racquet Court by Mrs. Charles Edwin Harris. The dance was in honor of Miss Kathleen Kirchhoffer, the daughter of Senator and Mrs. Kirchhoffer, a very pretty and sweet debutante.

AMARYLLIS.

He—Don't you think, darling, out of respect for your dead husband, that we ought to wait a year before we are married?

The Widow—But you forget, my dear, the usual commutation for good behavior.

Bigamists in Hungary are compelled to submit to a queer punishment. The man who has been foolish enough to marry two wives is obliged by law to live with both of them in the same house.



## An Arkansaw Traveler.

IN the heart of the Ozark Mountains, and geographically almost in the center of the State of Arkansas—as the guide-book sets forth—is situated one of the most picturesque little cities in America. This well-rounded period sounds large and fine, but the heart of the Ozark Mountains is but a little valley surrounded by hills which some day may grow into mountains if the volcanic heat under them gives them a lift, and it has been said that there is nothing but a sheet of brown paper between Arkansas and the other place. The State of Arkansas is large, but not rich, and people who are far enough away from it to express an unbiased opinion declare that many of its natives are not well-behaved. When in conversation with the citizens of the State it is wise to either conceal one's opinion, or to sacrifice the truth and be studiously complimentary, for it is said that there are large and comfortable graveyards which contain the remains of strangers who have failed to be sufficiently reticent. I ventured to ask a tall, gaunt man, with a bad eye, who was at the table with me in the railway restaurant at Little Rock, what were the chief things raised in the State. "Particular hell and some corn," he answered, fixing his feverish eye upon me, as if looking for my most vulnerable point. "But the corn is by no means as such a crop as the other. As the wimmen folks are mostly left to tend it, they get kind o' shiftless like when the men folks ah out fishin' and a-huntin'." Several times when I have passed through Arkansas, on the Iron Mountain road in the summer, I have seen women out ploughing either with a single mule, or with a mule and a steer harnessed together, and though there are doubtless many excellent farms, the native Arkansaw is about the poorest specimen of a farmer that can be found on the face of the earth. He is an easy-going fellow; he does not need a coat, and is not at all particular to have creases in his trousers, or to be encumbered with socks, but when he goes gunning for an enemy nobody is more businesslike, and he is a man to be carefully avoided. The shiftlessness of the people is continually demonstrated by the wagon roads which wind through the woods and clearings adjacent to the railway track, long detours being made to avoid stumps and swales; no bridges are built over the small creeks, and if the soil were not so sandy and porous, vehicles would find them almost impassable. The Arkansaw, except he is hauling some wood or truck to market, goes on horseback, and as probably very little travelling is done at night, these trails seem to answer all purposes.

Leaving the Iron Mountain road at Malvern, the Hot Springs Railway, twenty-two miles long and said to be the most money-making piece of road in America, conveys the tourist to the alleged "Heart of the Ozarks," where the little city of Hot Springs receives him with open arms. In fact, he is received with embarrassing hospitality as soon as the coaches are switched on to the little road. Drummers of all sorts besiege the traveller, and while they find very little business in the Pullmans, they capture quite a number of people in the ordinary coaches. They represent hotels and bath-houses and doctors, and are willing even to show you the best drug stores. As a rule they represent themselves as men who have received great benefits from Hot Springs and are returning to take another course of baths. Of course they know the very best doctor in the place, the cheapest and most popular hotels and boarding-houses, and out of pure enthusiasm over Hot Springs and the physicians who have done them so much good in the past, they are willing to introduce you to their old-time friends. The share paid to these drummers is said to be one-half the fee that the drummer-doctors charge, and though the bath-houses are forbidden to use the services of drummers, a large number of them manage to evade the law. Those who do not have a letter of introduction to a physician or a hotel should carefully avoid these people unless they want to be "skinned." There are about a hundred and sixty hotels and boarding-houses, between ninety and a hundred doctors, sixteen drug stores, and ample accommodation amongst the bath-houses; and the visitor, if he goes as a pleasure-seeker or otherwise, will find ample time and opportunity to make his own selection.

The first view of Hot Springs does not produce a very favorable impression, but I stayed for three weeks trying to boil my old enemy, sciatica, out of my system, and after I began to feel some benefit from the waters and became accustomed to my surroundings the place did not seem nearly so objectionable. At first, I must admit that I felt somewhat uncertain as to whether I preferred sciatica or Hot Springs. In the last ten years I have tried nearly all the curative springs in Canada, Mexico, the United States and Europe, but I never struck anything, hot or cold, like this twenty-miles-from-nowhere town. It certainly is a cosmopolitan place. At once it is a watering place for the rich and idle, the Mecca of the sinful and unfortunate, the haunt of the gambler, a hospital for the sick, and a pool of healing waters by which thousands wait to see their diseases disappear. Unlike the pool described in the Scriptures, it is not known to be stirred by an angel, for there is probably less confidence placed in angels in Hot Springs than there is in the waters, and the doctors, and the exceedingly potent medicines which are distributed in doses which would appall a Northern doctor. I have often been at winter resorts where the unfortunate consumptives coughed away their lungs and life, and have seen them sitting in rows warming their emaciated bodies in Southern sunlight, and it was distressing enough even for a well person to listen to the endless comparisons of symptoms, and the sad recital of sleepless nights and enervating hemorrhages. There is nothing of that sort in Hot Springs, for even the most enthusiastic eulogists of the healing qualities of the water admit that it is apt to do more harm than good to those afflicted with lung troubles.

There are sights enough, however, to sadden those who think of the meaning of the troubles which bring the majority of people to Hot Springs. Patients are brought into hotels from the railway station on couches and crutches, many of them distorted with rheumatism and shrieking with pain as they are lifted from the train. Men and women hobble about the streets on crutches, or hanging on the arm of a friend or attendant, while others drag their almost palsied limbs after them as they lean on a couple of walking-sticks. In the best hotels one sees nothing repulsive. The unfortunate ones with discolored faces and evidences of trouble which they desire to conceal, go to boarding-houses or sanitariums, or hotels where there is less publicity. It is strange how quickly one becomes accustomed to such sights and can pursue one's own way, looking for health or pleasure, without being burdened by the sorrows of others. Indeed, the afflicted probably, seeing so many others who are as badly off as they are themselves, gain a certain cheerfulness which relieves the spectator from a continual strain of sympathy.

Nor is life left to be all dull and gray. In the three big hotels, each of which can accommodate from three to five hundred people, orchestras play three times a day; there are children's nights, when the youngsters who have accompanied their parents have a great romp; progressive euchre, balls, and a general sitting about the huge rotunda, telling of or listening to all the gossip, and what that sort of thing means fills in the spare time. One day we had a prize fight, and a murder in the afternoon, but as I do not like prize fights, and did not hear about the murder till after it was over, I missed both. There are four pool-rooms where the visitors and the gamblers play the horses. No one knows how many gambling-houses there are, though two of them, the Southern Club and the Arkansaw Club, are magnificently fitted up and are said to "run honest games." Nobody, probably, has ever tried to count the saloons, though it must be said that in Hot Springs very little drunkenness is to be seen on the streets. Every doctor, good, bad and indifferent, absolutely forbids his patients to indulge in alcohol-

lic stimulants during the time that they are taking the waters, and many of them also forbid the use of tobacco. Physicians state that no one can receive any benefit from the waters if they use stimulants, and that the water is almost sure to make them sick, and, consequently, it makes it very easy for them all to abandon the use of both tobacco and liquor. Chewing gum is the fashionable substitute, and it is enough to make one's jaws tired to see the whole crowd everlastingly grinding at wads of gum between meals.

Next week I will add another chapter descriptive of other phases of life in Hot Springs, for there are meanings of the whole affair of which I believe I should write, yet which are so generally avoided, both in conversation and by newspapers, that it makes it difficult for the matter to be handled intelligibly without too pointedly transgressing the rule which seems to prevail, that certain evils which exist and which are increasing should be concealed, no matter how concealment may lead not only the blind, but those who should see, to tumble together into the ditch. —Don.



The Encounter Male.

We will suppose you are struggling down the west side of Yonge street. You perceive Jones from the bank working his way up. You know Jones simply from seeing him through a pigeon-hole every legal day. Do not unbend therefore. Keep your lower jaw firm. Open your mouth by raising the top of your head. At the same time ejaculate, "Hi" are yah," with the accent on the "are." Let your head sink back to its place on the lower jaw with a slow graceful swing. If this doesn't impress Jones with your savoir faire, he is a very hard man to make a nick in.

If, however, you meet Smith, one of those people who feel constrained to stop and talk whenever they meet you on the street, you will have a much more difficult task. You will be forced to come to close quarters with people like Smith. They can stand such a lot of pummeling; it is impossible to keep them at long range. Smith starts up from somewhere and confronts you with outstretched hand. Take hold of his finger tips in an absent sort of way and say, "How do you do." Let Smith do most of the talking, and content yourself with acting purely on the defensive. Discourage him with monosyllables; worry him with little sarcasms.

"Ah,"  
"So,"  
"Hi!"  
"Well, if you say so—" (with a slight emphasis on the pronoun). Keep ever on the alert for an opportunity of getting away. The difficulty about leaving-taking, or hooking it, is timing it properly. You must say something dismissory, so to speak; something that connects with the former conversation, and yet provides an opportunity for adding easily and naturally, "Well, so long, old man; I'll have to be moving."

If instead of Smith it happens to be a harmless enough sort of an idiot like Wilkins, whom you don't want to hurt if you can avoid it, your ordeal will be additionally severe. He will stand there politely listening to your remarks, far too respectful to think of doing any leading himself. You will make a mistake if you do not at once assume the aggressive in the case of Wilkins. Otherwise you will stand there like two dummy figures, neither of you knowing how to escape. He will say, perhaps, after much deliberation, "Nice weather we're having." You'll venture, "Yes, indeed." Then there will be a painful pause, both of you wondering what to do next. You may keep this up to your mutual disgust for half an hour and finally tear yourselves awkwardly away, both of you feeling as though you'd been thoroughly licked. There is nothing more disgusting than to be tangled up with a person of this kind. With a little science on your part you can effectually dispose of Wilkins. Start right in with the bombardment.

"How are you, old man? Glad to see you. You're looking well. How's everything? It is a long while since I saw you last. How are you coming up, anyway?" Then, when he is stammering out his replies you take out your watch. "By Jove," you say, "it's half-past three; I'll have to skip. Well, good-bye, old man. Take care of yourself. I'll see you again." Then tear off into the crowd and get out of sight as quickly as possible.

It is rather awkward if you happen to run across Wilkins again a few minutes later. But keep your presence of mind. Don't stop this time. Touch him on the shoulder as he passes, and ask excitedly, "Have you seen Jackson? No? Well, he's a dunc of a man," and rush off again.

Speaking of watches, a time-piece is a most convenient thing to have about you. I knew a case where a young man feeling for his watch and suddenly remembering that he



"Madam, is that your dog on the grass there?"  
"No, of course not."  
"Well, it looks darned like you."—Flegende Blaetter.

had raised seven-fifty on it the day before, became so flustered that all his science deserted him, and he was forced to stand in a painful conversation for an hour and a half. That young man was clever, too, but he didn't know everything. In a sad case like that you invite your opponent to have a drink. Now, if you do this in the right tone of voice, he will refuse. He will say he is in a hurry and really can't wait. So bid him good-bye very coldly, as though you are offended, and let him go. If, however, he should have the poor taste to accept your offer, you must go through with it to the bitter end. Once the business is accomplished, and, having emerged into the outer air, you must hasten to hold out your hand.

"Well, old man," you say, "I'm awfully glad I met you. I hope I haven't kept you talking too long, but it does a fellow good to rub up against a man that knows something once in a while. Not at all, not at all; I mean every word of it. Good-bye, old chap, good-bye." Then you separate, each of you feeling proud and self-satisfied.

In some circumstances a very simple ruse that works well is to abruptly enquire: "Which way are you going, old boy?" If the "old boy" is going "up," you say, "Well, I'm going down. Sorry for your sake, but can't help it. So long." If he says he is going "down," you, of course, announce it as your misfortune to be travelling "up." The weakness of this is that he may say, "Well, I guess I can turn back a little way with you." If you have been pretending extreme cordiality you are very likely to be caught this way.

It takes practice and native judgment, as I said before, to avoid these pitfalls, and science won't do everything. But it will go a long way, and the young man who has acquired at least a smattering of it is at infinite advantage. He will never come to the theoretical stage where he knows it all, however. I myself am learning something almost every day, so you may judge what there is in the game for other people. S. H.

## The Gentle Reader.

FOR years the world has been vexing itself with the question as to whether or not it shall take to literature for a living. According to the San Francisco Town Talk, discussion on this vital point is still rampant. F. Frankfort Moor agrees with Sir Walter Besant. He thinks there are no greater number of failures among literary men than among doctors and lawyers, and that if one spends as much time and money in preparing for literature as for the other professions, he has as much chance of success. The late Grant Allen, who was more than ordinarily successful in several departments of letters—an editor, reviewer, poet, novelist and scientist—said: "Don't take to literature if you have money enough to buy a broom and energy enough to sweep a crossing." George Knight is of opinion that success is a matter of pugnacity and shrewdness. G. B. Burgen thinks a mediocre writer makes a better living than a mediocre doctor. A man must do his best at whatever he undertakes. "The author's capital is his brains. If his assets are not ample enough to cover his obligations he fails, and he must try something else." Alden, H. S. Wells and Richard Le Gallienne are all pessimistic. Alden says: "If a man has an assured income, let him go ahead. If not let him do anything else but meddle with pen and ink. The exceptional man with creative ability will fail. The public does not want what he will do and he will not do what the public wants."

Richard Le Gallienne is particularly hard upon the outsider who tries his hand at writing. He says: "The butcher, the detective, the popular preacher, the Adelphi melodramatist or hysterical woman will succeed. They can buy castles, go to the North Pole or arrange yacht races. If a man is a real literary artist the best thing he can do is do something else or get a friend to keep him."

Edmund Oliver takes the opposite view. Success depends on the standard. Given the necessary qualifications, the "rawest shopman" is sure of a hearing. And so they all go on, some advising Tom, Dick and Harry to take off their coats and "wale in," others warning everybody to beware of the literary path as they value their peace of mind. And through it all they never give any advice to the "gentle reader." If authors who have advice to dispense would turn their attention in his direction they might improve the condition of the writing class.

It is quite apparent that the Gentle Reader should be encouraged. He is an economic and logical necessity. He is the contrasting complement of the author. Neither can do without the other, on the principle that it takes two to make a quarrel. As it stands, there is reason to fear that the Gentle Reader is showing a strong tendency to desert and go over to the enemy. This will mean the annihilation of both reader and writer, if the movement ever becomes universal, and the public should take warning in time. There is no profit for a community in trading jackknives. That village, the units of whose population were reputed to make an honest living taking in each other's washing, is not to be found on the map. Nothing is to be gained in authors writing books if there is no one to read them. If everybody is busy writing books, what is to become of that worthy class to which you belong, Gentle Reader?

There is bad logic in the development of literary taste nowadays. People don't look at a literary effort from the reader's point of view. They no longer stand off at a respectful distance to admire or criticize the effect. They get a microscope and read between the lines, peer at the construction and the style, and try to get at the cause of the effect. They dissect a book and examine the skeleton—that is, those who really pose as lovers of literature. They try to see from the author's standpoint, instead of the Gentle Reader's. They look for technique. They forsake their proper logical ground. If everybody keeps looking for the tool marks, in the way of the present fashion, there will soon be only writers, the erstwhile Gentle Reader having seen through and understood the writer's craft, and become an author himself. In this hour of peril, a few words of advice to the Gentle Reader will be of inestimable service.

First, then, let him read for pure enjoyment and instruction. Let him confine himself to the matter, not the manner of a book. The latter is technical, and it is not the reader's place to scrutinize the technical details. He is not learning to be an author. He is the Gentle Reader, and should keep on his own side of the boundary.

Secondly, let him confine his analysis of the effect a book or article has on him to the limits of whether it pleased him, failed to please him, or displeased him. He need not consider why he feels these sensations. He feels them, and that is enough. Art is the truer for being concealed. When an author takes pains to hide his art so that the reasons for pleasure on the part of the reader are subtle and hard to explain, it is bad taste surely to pull the curtain aside.

Thirdly, let the Gentle Reader be bold in his statement as to whether he likes a book or not. Don't let him try to find excuses for the author; let him beware, in short, of putting himself in the author's place. He is the reader, and, therefore, in a sense antagonistic. Let the author imagine himself in the reader's place—it is part of his art. Let the author do all the studying and analyzing—it is part of his regular business. If the Gentle Reader, as a class, expresses his simple opinion, the author will be quick to understand the unconscious undercurrents which produced the impression, and will correct his mistake next time.

Fourthly, let the Gentle Reader do his gentle reading rapidly, and with constancy. In that way will he cover more ground and increase the sale of books. The authors are, after all, a deserving class, and if the Gentle Reader doesn't support them, who is to do it? It would be painful to see starving authors combining into mutual admiration societies, and making log-rolling their regular occupation.

Fifthly, and in conclusion, let the Gentle Reader refrain absolutely from committing himself to paper. There are too many of us in the business now. Let him be the kind Gentle Reader always, and multiply, and replenish the demand for good literature at a living price. He may rest assured that while he remains a gentle reader there is a

large class, comprising some of the most thoughtful and intellectual men of the day, who thoroughly appreciate him. But let him once branch out as an author, and he will have this whole class down on him. As for the noble army he has deserted, the Gentle Readers—he will find they are all powerful, and may, according to their whim, make or mar him. Then, too late, he will realize that his first station in life was the most influential. That you, gentle reader, may remain a Gentle Reader always is the earnest wish and advice of

—The Author.

## War.

Among her hair wild poppies glowed  
And crimsoned till the deepening stream  
Through all her dripping tresses flowed  
And laved them in a blood-red gleam.

Her arm swung high a glittering blade  
Inscribed with ancient deeds of ire,  
And every swerve great flashes made  
Till all the sky was wings of fire.

The ages at her feet had hewn  
A wasteful hollow, vast and torn,  
Where slept in mad confusion strewn  
The wealth of countless forests shorn.

And round the gulf a woeeful band  
Of hopes and prayers and curses stood,  
And sounds that none could understand  
Dropt from their lips like clots of blood.

Men loathed her face, yet on it gleamed  
The waking of a new-born star,  
And in her breast white lilies dreamed  
Unheeded that her name was War.

Louis Barsac, in Outlook.

## The Humorist and the Philosopher.

IN TAKING ourselves and life too seriously we not only miss a lot of fun but defeat the very ends we are apparently seeking. There is no one so blind to the world about him or so little capable of understanding its essential commonplaceness as the man without a sense of humor.

It is a whimsical quality not to be set down in formal definition and by no means to be spoken of in the same terms as wit. Its possessor is invariably a kindly looker-on at life's comedy and tragedy, and he finds more to smile at than condemn. The wit laughs. Humor is a sympathetic quality; it helps us to interpret others through a knowledge of ourselves and our various big and little weaknesses and meanderings.

The humorist has time to observe and to listen to his fellow human beings with an open eye and a willing ear. He is the true philosopher, for he deals not with theories and abstractions of the study, but with the facts of the market-place. Life is to him a pageant for his amusement and instruction, not a weary war or a vale of tears to a doubtful finish.

Humor is not shallowness; it is not a belittling of realities; it penetrates the depths, and is never far removed from the fount of tears. The tears it shed, however, are those that afford a gentle stirring of the pleasurable emotions, never those of bitterness and hate.

Humor is genial at all times. It is nearly always shown in combination with far-seeing shrewdness and knowledge of others that makes its manifestations at times embarrassingly surprising to the less gifted. Our pet follies and most admired and persistently cultivated self-deceptions are often illuminated with the flash-light gleam from a friendly humorist, to our chargin and profit if we are not utterly lost.

We are too apt to get in a rut with the oncoming of the years and the growth of responsibilities, too ready to fix our eyes on a wall-lined, narrow way ahead, and to hurry by the things that make the going easier. That life is real and earnest goes without saying, but the man who is in closest touch with his fellow-men tempers the reality and takes his earnestness without too much insistence. Smoothest going is on ball-bearings that roll along and take their places with just a little noise and friction as possible. The humorist is willing to go his way rejoicing and to let the other fellow set the pace or to trail him as he will.

It is this element of humor that has made David Harum one of the most popular of public characters. He is an embodiment of humor that appeals to all. There is no misunderstanding his shrewd yet kindly personality. He is the man of the world in the rough who sees life as it is and has a lot of fun living his life and watching others live.

It is the "humor of it" that makes Mark Twain's recent comments and criticisms so entertaining, and so free from offence and the common prejudices that are so often found in writing of this kind. Mercurio was a very prince of humorists. Thackeray had the gift. Charles Lamb—Elia of kindly memory—is read for this quality, and its richness in the books of that small bit of a Scot, Barrie, has brought laughter and tears for thousands.

—James B. Carrington, in Saturday Evening Post.

## The Cry of the Helpless.

Strength of the Helpless. Power Supreme,  
The mothers of an Empire cry to Thee,  
The widows of a nation fly to Thee,  
While orphaned children of a thousand sires wail helplessly  
For justice, love and mercy.

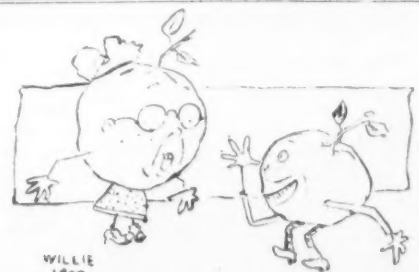
O "Man of Sorrows," understanding grief,  
From war's wild agony, in pity grant salvation,  
From battle's infernal tumult and mad desolation,  
Thou lovedst us first and last, we have Thy consolation.  
Grant Heavenly light.

Friend of the widow and the orphan's Guide,  
The mothers of an Empire cry to Thee,  
The widows of a nation fly to Thee,  
Thou Heaven-born Prince of Peace, in mercy lead the way  
Through war's black night to wisdom's brightest day.  
Unseen, All-powerful Friend.

LEAH JOSSELIN.

## Couldn't Fool Her.

A "befo-de-war" matron was teaching one of the little darkies on her plantation how to spell. The primer she used was a pictorial one, and over each word was its accompanying picture, and Polly gibbered "o-x, ox," and "b-o-x, box," etc. But the teacher thought that she was making too rapid progress, so she put her hand over the picture and said: "Polly, what does o-x spell?" "Ox," answered Polly, nimbly. "How do you know that it spells ox, Polly?" "Seed his tail," replied the apt Polly.



WILLIE  
1900  
APPLE "SASS."—New York Life.



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Trave	Mar. 21	Mar. 24	Mar. 30
Em. 28	Mar. 28	Apr. 1	Apr. 5
Werra	Mar. 31	Apr. 4	Apr. 10
Trave	Apr. 7	Apr. 10	Apr. 16
Em. 28	Apr. 14	Apr. 17	Apr. 23
Werra	Apr. 21	Apr. 24	Apr. 30
Trave	Apr. 28	May 1	May 7

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Kaiser Wm. II	Mar. 3	Mar. 11	Mar. 14
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## Anecdotal.

A travelling salesman from Cincinnati happened to sit down at a hotel table in company with half a dozen state legislators, who talked with excessive formality. It was "Will the gentleman from Hardin do this?" and "Does the gentleman from Franklin want that?" the ordinary form of direct address being carefully eschewed. For nearly ten minutes the commercial traveller suffered in silence. Then he turned to the waiter, and said in deep, oratorical tones: "Will the gentleman from Ethiopia please pass the butter?" The remedy was effectual.

Some time before the married Abraham Lincoln, Miss Todd was at a little evening party, surrounded by a bevy of young women. When the music struck up, her tall and gawky admirer approached, and much to the general amusement, said, in his peculiar idiom: "Miss Todd, I want to dance with you the worst way." Miss Todd accepted the invitation, and casting a look full of meaning at her friends, she did her best to keep clear of Lincoln's great boots. Finally she returned to her seat, quite out of breath from her exertions. "Well, Mary," said one of the girls, "did he dance with you the worst way?" "Yes," she answered, "the worst way."

A man of letters who visited Washington recently appeared at but one dinner-party during his stay. Then he sat next to the daughter of a noted naval officer. Her vocabulary is of a kind peculiar to very young girls, but she rattled away at the famous man without a moment's respite. It was during a pause in the general conversation that she said to him: "I'm awfully stuck on Shakespeare. Don't you think he's terribly interesting?" Everybody listened to hear the great man's brilliant reply, for as a Shakespearean scholar he has few peers. "Yes," he said, solemnly, "I do think he is interesting. I think he is more than that. I think Shakespeare is just simply too cute for anything."

A London clerk, belonging to a volunteer regiment, offered his services for the front and was provisionally accepted. The young gentleman, who was of unusually fine physique, presented himself for medical inspection. He was congratulating himself

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on his perfect soundness when the doctor told him to open his mouth, and then shattered his hopes by saying he could not possibly pass him, as his teeth were defective. "But," said the volunteer, "I am thoroughly sound otherwise, nothing wrong here," clapping his chest. "No," replied the doctor, "but I can't pass you with those teeth." "What awful rot," impatiently exclaimed the young man, "I want to go out to fight the burghers—not to eat them."

## Mormonism and Its Followers.

## That Hospital Ship—Our Soldiers' Letters.

IN the light of recent occurrences, in connection with the election of Congressman Roberts, who was not allowed to retain his seat because he was a Mormon, I have been reading with added interest a book professing to be a true account of the Mormon emigration to Utah and settlement there under Joseph Smith, and the rise into importance of the body of polygamists under Young, his successor. Of all the horrible exposures I ever read, it is the worst, and somehow it struck true, as I read, and caused to totter my tolerant life motto, "Live and let live." The book is called the Story of Madame La Tour, and is written by the wife of a man well-known in connection with Mormon affairs, a United States official, who, needless to remark, is not a Mormon. To those who, like myself, never could quite accept a Mormon as a civilized being, the book is confirmatory, while to those condoning the system of polygamy, it must be a tough knot to untie. It's worth reading.

Some one is going for the endless chain letter enterprise. Is it possible to keep one going long enough to raise fifty thousand dollars in ten-cent bits, I wonder? If so, wouldn't it be a great scheme to start one for that hospital ship we have such hopes of sending out to receive some of our wounded soldiers, and give them fresh air and cool breezes while their wounds heal, or if that horrid fever catches them, while they battle through it? I don't see why irascible parties should rave against the endless letter chain. We once had one for a city charity (called it a "snowball"), and got in a pot of money by it. I know, for I was the treasurer of the charity. I should think if Miss Mowat or some one of lesser position would receive subscriptions through an endless letter chain, we might soon raise enough for our hospital ship. That warm-hearted woman, Kit, has set the matter before the public, and the public is stupid enough not to formulate some scheme whereby the idea may be carried out. How unimaginative we are, in our snow and east wind, not to realize the conditions in the Antipodes! I am only saying this little word about the ship for fear some one may not have read the impassioned appeal from my friend mentioned above, whose voice should have long ago rung an answer in golden chinks.

It is curious how certain things set certain people furious. Sometimes it's street organs; sometimes baby cabs; sometimes women's chatter, or trolley's whirr, or dogs' bark. In a case I know, it was small boys, or, like Dickens' Miss Trotwood, it may be donkeys. Just mention the thing to the persons who hate it, and they flare up, a l'instant, and the fat's in the fire. Sunday cars used to touch off the Sabbatharians in this smug city; now they most of them ride to church quite brazenly. The pendulum has swung! "Of all the fools I loathe a sentimental fool," said an old maid who is now a spectacular vision of demonstrative affection, to a little bald, red-faced man. Perhaps on the same principle those persons who have been pitching into the endless letter chain will turn in and start one for the hospital ship. We don't very much care who starts it, or how the money is raised, so long as we get the ship. There's a boy I know, broiling in fever in Cape Town, a man, fretting over a shattered bone in Wynberg. How they would bless the hospital ship if they were on its shaded decks this torrid moment.

Next week, Lent will be upon us, and young ladies will be writing to the Correspondence Column to ask what should be renounced; they always do that, you know. I do so long to have at them; it makes me quite cross that I can't tell the dear creature who lopes along with her chin stuck forward that she might give up her present mode of locomotion and learn to walk properly, during Lent. I'd like to suggest to the loud talker that she take a Lenten vow not to speak above a whisper for six weeks; to the tiresome twaddler that he refrain for the same time from telling drowsy anecdotes; to the matinee girl that she abjure peppermint; and the puny young man that he deny himself cigarettes. Perhaps each of us might go over our list of weaknesses and honestly find out which of them is liable to be most offensive to our neighbors, and give that one a vacation for six weeks. There would be quite a high tone in that sort of discipline, and more than ourselves would enjoy a Lenten observance.

One of the most interesting hours to many a woman these days is when she sits, silent and observant, listening to the letters of the Toronto contingent. Some one carped at the publication of these letters, suggesting even that parents or friends paraded them in print unduly. How little those carpers know of the rush of reporters to east and west as soon as a



Grandpa—Whose birthday will we celebrate on the 22nd? Bobby—Sister's twenty-first again.

mail from South Africa comes to town, of their requests and petitions for the letters to print, that "tout Toronto" may hear from the boys themselves the story of the war. And of the mothers and sisters carefully copying parts liable to be of general interest, while guarding sacred the little "love-bits" that are for themselves alone, refusing the precious sheets which the far-off hands have rested upon, while the boy or the husband traced his impressions and experiences, but taking time for the re-writing because the reporters are so coaxing and the public beg for the boy's own words. Sometimes a little wife reads me some of her letters telling of soldier life and ups and downs, privation and trial, the grief of seeing beautiful horses laid dead of sheer weariness, the strain of uncertainty and the misery of delay, the rush of forced marches, and the glory of success. It is more entrancing than any novel, this glimpse behind the smoke and noise, and in lesser degree the public must find the other letters of interest, or the reporters would not chase the postman to the homes of the soldiers' people, and sit waiting while letters are read and extracts copied. Let us have them, by all means, naive, unadorned, hearty, grumbling, cheery as they come straight from the hearts of our soldier laddies!

## LADY GAY.

## TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

## Book Notes.

IN the Knights of the Cross, Henryk Sienkiewicz has produced a romantic historical novel which will be eagerly read by those who have become acquainted with his power through Quo Vadis, Fire and Sword, or Pan Michael. In all these works he has proved the possession of splendid dramatic power. It will be found that in this last great book he has gone back to the period he knows so well and can handle with such masterful art, viz: the early years of Poland's history; the days of knightly combat, when the influence of Christianity was just beginning to conquer the paganism that still cherished the superstitions of the past. A Canadian copyright edition of Knights of the Cross has just been issued by George N. Morang & Co., or rather of the first half of the story, for the work is now running as a serial in Poland, and on the finish of the second half the author is still at work. The first half of the story, however, makes a large book, and may be read with very great interest and pleasure. The translator is Jeremiah Curtin, whose wonderful translation of Quo Vadis gave that masterly book to the English-speaking world, and who has also translated most of the other books of Sienkiewicz.

Goldwin Smith's Shakespeare the Man is a little book that everybody who takes any interest in Shakespearean literature at all should read. Let it be granted that Toronto is neither Boston nor London, and that our circle of thoughtful readers is comparatively small. Yet Shakespeare and Goldwin Smith should be names to conjure with, and the conjunction of the two should induce a few additions of the treatise to local book-shelves.

Elisha Gray, the inventor of the telegraph, the instrument which reproduces at one end of an electric line the exact handwriting, drawing or tracing made with a pen at the other, has prepared a series of Familiar Talks on Science. The first volume of the series is entitled World Building and Life, and is now on sale. It is a most interesting little book, written, as the author says, for those who have not, and who cannot have, the advantages of a scientific education.

A Mother Book is the title of a neat little volume published recently. The author, Mrs. E. Frances Soule, gives a great number of helpful practical suggestions for making Sunday a day of cheer and brightness for children. The book is unsectarian, and not in the least dogmatic.

London Punch has offered no excuse for its recent enterprise in adding to itself a short story. The story is printed as an appendix, and the change is made as inoffensive as possible; but still it is a change, and why Punch should

## He Was Wise.



be at the pains to take up with an innovation is not quite clear. Very likely the weekly story is a good idea; but why should Punch require good ideas? Is it a ten-cent magazine born yesterday? It seems a pity to have a good old thing like Punch grow enterprising in times when there is such a glut of enterprise in the periodical business as at present.

It is not generally known that Lord Dufferin's third son, Lord Basil Blackwood, is a brilliant artist and blessed with an abundant sense of humor. Under the modest initials of "B. B." he illustrated a witty book entitled Lord Beasts for Worse Children, the verses for which were written by Mr. Belloc.

Few men were more prolific writers than the late Mr. Grant Allen, and it is interesting to learn that his widow intends to open a bookshop in George street, Hanover square. There is said to be an unequalled opening for a shop of the class in the neighborhood, and throughout Canada cordial interest will be felt in the commercial career of the relict of an author who would have attained distinction if easier circumstances had relieved him from the necessity of hack work.

## TWO FINE SPECIMENS

## Of Physical Manhood.

No form of athletic exercise demands such perfect physical condition as prize fighting. Every muscle in the body must be fully developed and supple, and the heart, lungs, and stomach must act to perfection.

Whether we endorse prize-fighting or not, it is nevertheless interesting to know the manner by which men arrive at such physical perfection.

James Jefferies, the present champion heavyweight of the world, and his gallant opponent, Tom Sharkey, in the greatest pugilistic encounter that has ever taken place, both pursued much the same course of training, and the first and most important part of this training was to get the stomach in condition, and keep the digestion absolutely perfect, so that every muscle and nerve would be at its highest capabilities.

This was not done by a secret patent medicine, but of these great pugilists used a well-known natural digestive tablet sold by druggists under the name of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, and composed of the digestive ferments which every stomach requires for healthy digestion.

Champion Jefferies says: "Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets prevent acidity, strengthen the stomach and insure perfect digestion. They keep a man in fine physical condition." Signed, James J. Jefferies, champion of the world.

The gallant fighter, Sharkey, says: "Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets remove all discomfort after eating. They rest the stomach and restore it to a healthy condition. I heartily recommend them." Signed, Thos. J. Sharkey.

The advantage of the daily use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is that they keep the people well and ward off sickness and are equally valuable to well persons as to the dyspeptics. Another advantage is that these tablets contain no cathartics, or poisons of any character, but simply digestive ferments which are found in every healthy stomach, and when digestion is imperfect it is because the stomach lacks some of these elements and Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets supply it.

They are no cheap cathartic, but a perfectly safe and efficient digestive and the demand for them is greater than the sale of all other so-called dyspepsia cures combined. No remedy could possibly reach such a place in public esteem except as the result of positive merit.

Full-sized packages are sold by all druggists at 50 cents, and the best habit you can possibly form is to take a Stuart's Tablet after each meal. They make weak stomachs strong and keep strong stomachs vigorous.

"I skated such a long way; two miles, I should think."

"Quite fancy skating."

"No, fancy skating is confined to a small area."

"I repeat fancy skating, and can prove it."

"Well, prove it."

"I've only to remind you that fancy goes a long way."—Pick-Me-Up.

## Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Miba.—Your signature is not very legible. Your letter is dated Peterborough. You are determined, somewhat materialistic, fond of your own way, dominating all who will allow you to do so. You trust nobody and can be over-frank in expressing your opinion. The great force and power of your nature is also marked by originality of method and a lack of finish. Your will is firm, constant, and your purpose decided. The reason men don't understand you is because your most apparent traits are not what appeals to them—not womanly. This is a very vital, almost sensual study, is tremendous power for good or for evil, as your impulse directs.

Brantford.—This is a plausible, optimistic and amiable person; self-esteem and adaptability are shown, good sequence of ideas, some sense of humor, cheerful and pleasant nature. You are sympathetic, appreciate beauty and harmony, and have frank trust in your friends, with affection and reasonable discretion. An attractive and lovable person.

Honey or Coon.—Neither your writing nor your nature is very mature yet. I don't wonder the editors send back such morbid rubbish as the scraps you submit to me. Go on, my dear, I know there's no use telling you to stop!

Marcella.—This is a very ambitious, precise and well controlled person, honest, self-reliant, discreet and rather young. Conscience and justice rule your life. Time will get you out of your present rather narrow orbit. You are a good reliable and somewhat self-satisfied soul.

Spex.—You attach undue importance to some things, to the slighting of others. It isn't a just or a very far-seeing hand. I think you will learn later to readjust several of your ideas. You like a good time, talk too much for all your utterances to be useful, have great enterprise and some originality; your purpose seems light and trifling, but there's good stuff in you, if you'd take the trouble to develop it.

Margaret.—This is another forcible and assertive person, having a pessimistic turn and a most positive nature. Writer is conservative, earnest and inclined to obstinacy. Force unduly placed mars the feminine turns in the study; some self-will, contentment with fate's dowry, and a probable love of good living and luxury are shown.

Hopeful.—You are too involved. Don't waste time being thrice-me. Get at your point quickly and decidedly. Don't go shying all over the common. You are a real good sort and given time and your own way will probably succeed in achieving your desires, which are not very unreasonable. You are cheerful, sensible, truthful and trustworthy.

Tom Sawyer.—You are original, blunt and courageous, inclined to despond, or perhaps merely a delicate person. The staying power does not assert itself. Your nature is naturally inclined to sentiment, at which you are quite likely to never be crude or cruel. Has tenacity and a bright perception. The ideas are well hung together and the general tone rather emotional. There is no marked bent, but little enterprise. I find several very contradictory lines in this study.

Pete, Walkerton.—This is a mercurial and sensitive person, not given to undue self-assertion, and perhaps apt to let things wag as they will. Writer could never be crude or cruel. Has tenacity and a bright perception. The ideas are well hung together and the general tone rather emotional. There is no marked bent, but little enterprise. I find several very contradictory lines in this study.

Gyp.—It isn't at all a bad sort, but not worth doing twice.

Charlie's Aunt.—What a curious thing! I think I must tell! Here is a lady who in her young days loved a man who went to sea, and was reported lost. In fifteen years she heard nothing of him, and recently she married the uncle of her lover, who has left her a wealthy widow. Now, like a bolt from the blue, comes the news that her lover was not drowned at sea, but saved and taken to Barbadoes by the ship that picked him up. He is now in the Philippines, fighting under the Stars and Stripes, and the lady asks me what she had better do. After twenty years, goodness knows! he may have forgotten your name, my dear, or he may have changed from the bonny sailor lad of whom you write so lovingly, into a man who would not please you in the least. Go canny! I can quite imagine how upset you are. So would any of us be, if our dead came back, when we had lived so long without them. By all means write to him. How long before you can get an answer? And won't you let me know the end of the story?

Amaryllis.—No apology is necessary. It is a pleasure to do the thing you ask, and the money you thoughtfully enclosed shall be forwarded at once. 2. Your writing shows refinement, hope and courage. You are firm, but not very self-assertive, kind and true, and candidly, your question about a "career" is too funny. You should be gracefully careering upon a velvet carpet, with rings on your fingers and silks on your back. You are very fine china.

Tommy's Girl.—Don't ask me about the

war! You say you think it is bad form to go to the station to bid good-bye to our soldiers. So did I until last week when I went, quite impromptu, and found it very "good form." Don't talk rubbish about good form, when mothers and sisters and wives and sweethearts are around. Your writing has been delineated, and not so long ago either, young woman. I am not likely to forget its erratic slant.

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SOUTH  
EAST or  
WEST

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Upside Down

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## Studio and Gallery

THE artists of the Home Land are contributing their quota to the fund now being enlarged there, as well as here, a proportion of which is to be the compensation offered to widows and orphaned for the lives which made their world, and which have been sacrificed for the public good or otherwise. These artists have collected in the Guildhall Art Gallery about three hundred and twenty-eight works of art, paintings, water colors, pastels, etchings, etc. Most of these have been completed within the last six months. The exhibitors are the notables in art. The interest taken by the Queen in the matter is shown by the fact that she gives two etchings of her own, and an etching of a Head of a Man, by the late Prince Consort. The Queen, moreover, will sign with her own hand each etching before passing it to the purchaser. The competition for these works, say the London papers, will, doubtless, be keener than for any other pictures of the collection. An arrangement is being made by which the highest price available will be guaranteed for these works. They go under the auctioneer's hammer as well as being offered privately. Should a higher price be offered at the auction than that originally, the highest bidder gets it. The artists have done themselves credit in the excellence of the material prepared. No "pot-boilers" nor resuscitated failures have been offered on this altar of patriotism. How does this occurrence strike our city artists? We could conceive of a worthy collection, in this same interest, being gathered here. We would like to believe also that patriotism is of no less substantial a quality in Toronto.

The Woman's Art Association opened its annual exhibition on Thursday in the studio in the Confederation Life Building. Great effort has been put forth to make the display interesting and enjoyable. The beautiful rooms are well adapted for such a purpose. Everybody should go, and see what our women are doing in the branches represented; see what art means to them.

The center of interest to the artists of the Dominion, just now, is in Ottawa, where the Royal Canadian Academy is making its bow to the Capital City. We hope to be able, next week, to say how it held itself, and what it had to show the country this year. We are expecting something interesting and something which will convince us that, with all his other wisdom, Solomon did not have art knowledge, else would he not have averred "There is nothing new under the sun."

The Gobelin tapestry being executed in France for the Empress of Russia has yet a year before its completion. Already two years' time of four men, working daily, has been given to it. These men are artists—tapestry artists—whose forefathers were artists before them, and who live in a community of artists. It will be, when complete, eight feet by ten in size. It would require the daily time of one man for twelve years to finish it. About five inches square is the work of a man for a day. The subject is a portrait of Marie Antoinette and her children, and is from the tapestry in the Palace of the President of France's unfortunate Queen by Vigee Lebrun. One would imagine it to be a subject rather suggestive of the unpleasant than the opposite, and not at all a desirable commentary on the possibilities of ruling sovereigns.

As a painter of miniature and of water color portraits, R. F. Gagen, O.S.A., has had long experience. Humanity is apt to be a bit particular and capricious when faced with itself, in duplicate, and exhibits vanity hitherto latent in most. Every individual knows how—or thinks he knows—to criticize a portrait. He may candidly admit to you he knows nothing of art, and would modestly be chary of criticizing landscape, etc., but a portrait is not art, it is a person—a person he knows, with whom he may associate daily. So he feels his ground for criticism solid beneath his feet. It is not easy to be a looking glass, as it were, for the public, and so the artist who gives himself to such, needs diplomacy and an art creed of some flexibility. To keep his creed inviolate and satisfy his clients, is the artist's problem. Mr. Gagen has been associated with the art institutions of this country since the commencement of the oldest of them. Portraiture has received most of his attention dur-

ing that time, and the fact that he is still concentrating himself mainly in that branch of art speaks well for the work done and the reception accorded it. As a successful artist in landscape, Mr. Gagen is also known, but it is not of that we wish to speak so particularly just now. We have old portraits in which the features, either from time, or inadequate representation, were well-nigh indistinguishable, reproduced in full beauty and expression. A school girl taken from a class group; a grandmother, from her shining, valueless daguerreotype; a child, whose living portrait could never be again secured, from the snap shot of an amateur, are examples. His miniatures have been on exhibition at many of our important displays of paintings, and are dainty in execution and gratifying in general result.

A young artist who is now having focussed upon him the eyes of the American art savants, is Ben Austrian, a young man of Pennsylvania. This genius is an upsetter of all known art creeds. Geniuses ever have persisted in disorganizing things considered fixed as the eternal hills. He is said to resemble Millet in his technique, a Bonheur in his choice of models and his skill in treating them, and Ruskin in sentiment; Ruskin, who taught the ennobling of the commonplace by the love of art. "A fowl," says an exchange, "becomes as important to his brush as the human face was to Raphael or to Van Dyke." More than that, his paintings sell! One recently bringing twenty-four hundred dollars. This picture is a game piece, so like game that one might be a fowler and be deceived at proper range. To complete the deception, it is painted on a barn window, part of the background, only, being canvas, and they do say that one needs to look more than once to tell just where the barn window ends and the canvas begins. The hinges, shutter, the crack in the shutter, all help the deception. A bunch of hares and wild fowl suspended, as sportsmen suspend them, is the subject. The man who paid \$2,400 for it is not a philanthropist, but an art connoisseur. Well, where does his extra genius come in? In this—he never had a lesson in drawing or painting in his life; never sighted his pencil at the Venus de Milo, or the head of Ajax, or any other of the indispensable ancients; he has never been in Paris, never copied in Rome, or any Continental gallery. He commenced on the pictures in old magazines, continued on anything available, from the attic walls to the strips of muslin his mother tore for him from her ironing board—for one individual alone knew, by intuition, the genius, and that was his mother. He worked in his father's laundry until art overmastered him and he thrust himself into her embrace and trusted her for success, and still the mother approved, although it meant the finish of her business. A farm was his model repository, and nature his atelier. Downy chickens, fluffy rabbits, puppy dogs are his pet subjects. "He is to pastoral scenes what Joshua Whitcomb is to the stage."

JEAN GRANT.

## Toronto Conservatory of Music.



THE city of Toronto has long been proverbial for its advantages for musical culture and progress in that art. Music has become so much a specialty in the progress of education and such a general branch of study, that few persons think to inquire how it rose to such prominence, or what are its sources of popularity. Prior to the last two decades, there were no music schools in Toronto. There were, of course, several independent teachers of musical art, but the history of music schools is of more recent times, and can well be traced to the founding, by Dr. Edward Fisher, of the Toronto Conservatory of Music in 1886, which has always flourished and bears a valued and much appreciated relation to the progress of musical attainment and culture in the city. The Conservatory of Music occupies a prominent and honorable position amongst the famed educational institutions of Toronto, being the largest and in all respects the most influential school of music in Canada, comparing favorably with the most eminent institutions of the kind in both Europe and America.

The affairs of the Conservatory are conducted upon safe business principles, the Directorate including gentlemen of well-known eminence in the legislative, judicial, professional and mercantile realm, Hon. G. W. Allan, Senator, being president; Sir John Alexander Boyd, Chancellor of Ontario, and W. Barclay McMurrich, Q.C., vice-presidents; Mr. Auguste Bolte, hon. treasurer; Dr. Edward Fisher, musical director; Hon. Justice MacLennan, Mr. Henry Pellatt, Mr. Elmes Henderson, Mr. James Henderson, Rev. J. A. Macdonald, Mr. E. A. Scadding, and Mr. George Edward Sears.

It has been the constant aim of the directorate to provide in all departments of the Conservatory the best teachers obtainable. The following largely comprise the present faculty: Pianoforte—Dr. Edward Fisher (Musical Director), Mr. A. S. Vogt, Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, Mr. W. J. McNally, Mr. Donald Herald, A.T.C.M.; Miss Maud Gordon, A.T.C.M.; Miss Sara E. Dallas, F.T.C.M., Mus.Bac.; Mrs. J. L. Nichols, Miss Edith Myers, A.T.C.M.; Miss Frances S. Morris, A.T.C.M.; Miss Annie Johnston, A.T.C.M.; Mrs. M. B. Heinrich, Mr. Edmund Hardy, F.T.C.M., Mus.Bac.; Mr. Napier N. Durand, F.T.C.M.; Miss Ola V. Wilkinson, A.T.C.M.; Miss May L. Kirkpatrick, A.T.C.M.; Miss Edith M. Crit-

tenden, A.T.C.M.; Miss Isabel Christie, A.T.C.M.; Voice—Mr. Rechab Tandy, Albert Ham, Mus.Doc. (Trinity College, Dublin), F.R.C.O. (Eng.), L.T.C. (Lond.); Mrs. Julie L. Wyman; Mrs. Norma Reynolds-Reburn; Mrs. J. W. Bradley, Miss Mary E. Nolan, Mrs. H. W. Parker, A.T.C.M.; Miss Alice Denzil, Miss C. Louise Tandy, A.T.C.M.; Miss Annie Hallworth, A.T.C.M.; Miss Mabel V. Thomson, A.T.C.M. Theory—J. Humfrey Anger, Mus.Bac. (Oxon.), F.R.C.O. (England); A. T. Cringan, Mus.Bac. Organ—Mr. A. S. Vogt, Albert Ham, Mus.Doc.; Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, Mr. William Reed, Mr. T. Arthur Blakeley, Miss Sara E. Dallas, F.T.C.M., Mus.Bac.; Miss Jessie C. Perry, A.T.C.M. Violin or Viola—Mr. Ernest DuDomaine, Mrs. B. Drechsler Adamson, Miss Lena M. Hayes, A.T.C.M. Violoncello—Mr. Paul Hahn, Cornet and French Horn—Mr. John Waldron. Guitar, Mandolin and Banjo—Mr. L. N. Watkins. Mandolin—Miss Lillie Cottan. Sight-singing, Introductory Theory, Music in Public Schools—A. T. Cringan, Mus. Bac; Mr. S. H. Preston. Piano and Organ Tuning—Mr. Sandford Leppard.

The fact that the Conservatory is in affiliation with both Trinity and Toronto Universities adds further dignity to the character of its work, and the high educational standard of its examinations. Conservatory graduates in theory are exempted from the first two examinations for the degree of Mus. Bac. at both these universities. In addition to the diplomas and certificates granted, gold medals are awarded in the Piano department—both artists' and teachers' courses—also in the Vocal, Organ, Violin, Theory, and Elocution departments. Scholarships are also awarded annually of the value of \$1,600.

The Elocution School is an attractive and successful feature of the Conservatory's work; the satisfactory results from the change made this season have proved the wisdom of that step. Miss Maude Masson, the new principal, is a lady of unusual ability, her wide experience as a teacher in the Emerson School of Oratory, Boston, and other similar appointments, giving her the superior advantages gained by such associations, and making her specially qualified for the duties of her position. In her work she is ably assisted by Mrs. Inez Nicholson Cutter, Miss G. H. Hunter, B.A., and Miss May Robson, members of the staff.

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See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand

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The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other, even if solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of same colored wrapper—RED.

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### Spanish Thrift and Politeness.

Spaniards may have many traits to criticize, said a gentleman who recently returned from touring in Spain, but in the matter of politeness they are above reproach. This man left Seville on foot, after a stay of a week, and was twenty miles away, when he was overtaken by the landlord of the hotel where he had stopped. The innkeeper rode alongside of his guest for nearly an hour before he found courage to make known his business.

"If the señor and God please," he began, apologetically, "I made a mistake in his bill yesterday."

"How?" I enquired.

"I forgot to make a charge for his candles to light him to bed."

"But it was moonlight, and I had no candles."

"Then, señor, with the help of God, I forgot to charge you with the moonlight."

The charge amounted to two cents in American money, and he had hired an ass and ridden twenty miles to collect it. I was amused and astonished. Then I accused him of being a robber, and offered him a cent to settle the bill. He worked up a beautiful smile and held out his hand.

"I will take it with thanks, señor," he said, "and God will bless you for an honest man."—Youth's Companion.

### TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

The bicyclist was scorching along with his head down. The little one had toddled into the road, and stood directly in his path. The woman saw them both, and was too much frightened to move. A quick-witted man would have had time to spring into the road and pull the little one out of the way, but the woman seemed helpless. Suddenly she screamed. It was no ordinary scream, but an ear-splitting shriek of despair. The bicyclist was so startled that he looked seven ways at once, lost control of his wheel, hit the curb, and didn't know where he was for fully ten minutes. The child was saved. A woman is not always so helpless as she looks.

### A Thrilling Tale.

Mr. Peter Jacques, the commission merchant of the Queen City, tells a remarkable story of a midnight adventure.

"I came home rather late on Tuesday night," says he, "and went immediately upstairs to my bedroom. I had been over at a friend's house all evening, assisting in the disposal of a Welsh rarebit. I didn't waste any time in proceeding to undress, and in less than five minutes I was ready to turn out the gas. Once in bed I dropped off to sleep almost instantly. It must have been two hours later that I became conscious that something was wrong. I was being forcibly held down in the bed. I tried to sit up, but could no more than raise my head from the pillow. My hands were held at my sides. I tried to speak but distinctly felt a grip on my throat. I could hear nothing but the blood singing in my ears."

"I lay there in an eternity of suspense for five long minutes, the cold perspiration of horror breaking out from every pore. Then I suddenly felt the bed sink from under me, and knew I was being lifted. It was inky dark and I could see nothing. I felt myself carried gently for a little distance and then set down. Then to my horror I found that my legs were swinging in space. I was on the edge of something, possibly the railing of the banisters on the landing. I felt I was in a decidedly dangerous position, and if left unsupported, bound as I was, I must fall."

"That is exactly what happened. I was released from the balancing grip; I tottered dizzily, and then I felt myself falling. Oh! the agony of that fall. It was the longest journey I ever embarked on. I fell, fell, fell, and kept on falling. My nerves were all at the utmost tension waiting for the inevitable shock. But the shock wouldn't come. Finally, however, it did come and my strained nerves relaxed. I had fallen on my back in my own bed. It was the Welsh rarebit."

"I got up, took a Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablet from my vest pocket, swallowed it, went back to bed and slept the rest of the night like a policeman."

## "I REMEMBERED HUTCH."



"I took in a party at a friend's the other evening and we had a most frolicsome time. There were four of us, and we certainly lived in lofty altitudes. A little supper was one of the few modes we had of enjoying ourselves, escallops, lobster, and fizz in unlimited quantities—and finally fizz all the time. Since then I have been—er—unwell. I suffered a frantic headache, the kind that makes you think a man with an auger had a contract to make a sieve of your head, and nausea, oh dear it was shocking. I curled myself up on the settee and resolved to die. There was no more pleasure in this world for me, but just when I thought it was all over I remembered Hutch. I took two tablets right away, and I could almost feel the distress leaving me. It soon cleared out all the sourness, and in a very short time I got rid of that nasty throbbing headache. The relief was simply wonderful. Hutch is invaluable to me now. I always take a tablet if I feel the least bit indisposed and it soon fixes me up. I can recommend Hutch to you, old man, if you should ever go out for a quiet evening."

When you can eat and drink too much, when you have sour stomach, indigestion, or pain after eating, remember Hutch is a doctor for 10 cents. Gives instant relief. 200 for \$1.00. All drug stores. Woodward Medicine Co., No. 290 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y., and 11 Colborne St., Toronto.

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## Music.

**M**ANAGER SUCKLING offers a dazzling aggregation of stars for the next concert of the Massey Hall course on Thursday next. The names speak for themselves. Mark Hambourg, the young genius of the piano; M. Petschnikoff, the brilliant violin virtuoso; Mlle. Ruegger, who is said to be the greatest woman violinist living; M. Plancon, the famous French basso; and M. Aime Lacharme, the talented pianist, compose an array of talent which it is only possible to obtain for one concert on very rare occasions. It will be an extremely difficult thing for Mr. Suckling to rival this scheme in the future, and it is certain that the event will arouse widespread interest in musical circles.

The annual concert of the Toronto Male Chorus Club, under the conductorship of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, on Thursday evening of last week was one of the great musical events of the season. It received a liberal patronage, the Hall being well filled in every part, so that on a moderate estimate, fully twenty-seven hundred people were present. Unfortunately, a great deal of annoyance was caused by the large proportion of late-comers, there being a constant stream of arrivals until twenty minutes to nine. The habit of coming in late seems to be confirmed with Toronto concert and theater-goers, and I have no hope that the nuisance will be mitigated until managers make it a rule to commence performances punctually at the hour advertised, and allow no one to take a seat during the progress of a number or an act. Under the present system of delaying a performance for late-comers it is rarely that a concert can be opened before half-past eight o'clock. The Club numbered about eighty voices. They added to the honors they have already gained in the past for finished singing. Their complete familiarity with the numbers given was demonstrated by their singing without the aid of the printed music, and the care with which they had been trained was shown by their unflinching response to the indications of the conductor. It may be said, indeed, that they perfectly translated Mr. Tripp's reading of their selections. The technical excellence of their singing, making exception in the case of the last number, Damsch's setting of "Danny Deever," consisted in musical quality of tone, accurate intonation, prompt and firm attack, and a well-preserved balance of tone in the ensembles. For my own part I would have preferred a greater variety in the character of the Club numbers. Some light English past songs would, I think, have improved the scheme. There is always a tendency to monotony in the singing of a male chorus when unrelieved by the introduction of the mixed choir, and framers of programmes have to bear this in mind in making their selections. One is reminded of the story about the symphony written by a celebrated composer, in which the violins were altogether banished. Before the performance was over, a famous musician who was present is said to have exclaimed: "A guinea for a first string," meaning, of course, the high register of the violins. In hearing a whole programme of choral music by male voices, I have a similar feeling. "Five dollars for a soprano voice!" When every number but the one already excepted was sung with so much finish, it would be difficult to single out any special number as being above the standard of the evening. The audience recognized with the most demonstration perhaps Lohr's "When Thou Art Near Me," and the Serenade by Orlando Lassus, both of which were re-demanded. The Club had the valuable assistance of M. Alexandre Petschnikoff, the famous solo violinist; M. Aime Lacharme, pianist; and Mr. Gwilym Miles, the popular baritone. Mr. Petschnikoff won a brilliant triumph for a first appearance before a Toronto audience, principally by the delicacy of his tone and effects, the large resources of his technique both of bow and finger, and his refined phrasing. My own predilection is in favor of a more sonorous and broad tone, but, as has been pointed out by a contemporary, the presence of so large an audience in so large an auditorium must have the effect of dwarfing the tone of a delicate instrument like the violin. Mr. Miles, who was suffering from fatigue of travelling and a late rehearsal, nevertheless sang with his accustomed beauty of voice and frank, manly sentiment. He was frequently recalled during the evening. M. Lacharme, who is always welcome as a sound and brilliant musician and a talented pianist, was not behind his associates in his share of the honors. Reviewing the concert at a glance, it may be said that the Club have in this their latest appearance not only sustained their reputation for concerted singing, but have shown no falling off in their enterprise of securing the very best solo talent to supplement the attraction of their choral work.

A London musical paper relates the following story, the truth of which it vouches for. A north country curate, a good tenor singer by the way, who was much devoted to cricket, recently created a sensation while conducting the Sunday morning service. As he closed the sacred book after reading a portion he said, gravely, "Here endeth the second innings."

Mascagni, with a profound talent for advertising himself, has dedicated the score of his new opera, *The Masked Ball*, as follows: "To Myself, with my distinguished consideration and highest esteem."

In the newly-published life of Sir John Millais a good story is told of

Rubinstein and the artist. They were playing a rubber of whist at Millais' studio, at Palace Gate, and the pianist was playing rather worse than usual. Millais endured two games in silence; but at last he rose in desperation, remarking, "If you don't stop, I shall go and play the piano."

From the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association I have received a copy of a new patriotic song by Jas. F. G. entitled, *He Isn't Sleeping Now*. Mr. Fax is our well known humorist, and the song will no doubt attract a good deal of attention. It has a lively tune, and the sentiment is unimpeachable.

The A. O. U. W. gave a very successful concert in the Massey Hall on Tuesday last, in the presence of about twenty-eight hundred people. In addition to such well-known talent as Mr. Carnahan, the singer of patriotic songs; Miss Mariette La Dell, the talented elocutionist; and Messrs. Harvey and Bennett, the popular humorists, the Association had engaged three artists of repute—Mr. John W. Lince, a basso from London, Eng., and Miss Esther May Plumb and Mrs. Agnes Baldwin, sopranos, of Chicago. An attractive and varied programme was given, and the audience gave every evidence of being thoroughly satisfied. Mr. Lince has a deep and broad voice, and won the approval of the audience in a selection which enabled him to descend to the lowest notes of his compass. Mrs. Baldwin sang a display waltz song among other numbers, and showed considerable vocal agility. Her voice is high, with little color. Miss Plumb, a mezzo with a more sympathetic organ, made a very favorable impression in several popular numbers. The local talent did not suffer much by comparison with the imported soloists and well sustained their reputation.

The service of praise given by the choir of Carlton street Methodist church, under Mr. Sherlock's direction, was a decided success. The large auditorium was completely filled. The closest attention was paid to the admirable programme presented by this popular organization. The choruses for the evening, five in number, were Woodward's *The Radiant Morn*, Mark's *The Day is Past and Over*, Sullivan's beautiful unaccompanied *Yea, tho' I Walk*, Gounod's *Sanctus*, and the *Hallelujah* chorus from the *Messiah*, each of which was given effectively, especially the unaccompanied number and the *Sanctus*, which were particularly well sung. The soloists were Miss Della K. Love and Mr. O. B. Dorland, who sang *Night of Nights*, and *Honor and Arms*, from *Samson*, respectively, the latter being particularly well sung. The Misses Adelaide and Victoria Paterson, and Miss Alice Fieldhouse and Mr. Sherlock sang duets, and the Carlton Quartette and the always popular Sherlock Male Quartette each contributed their share to the success of the evening. One of the most pleasing numbers was Gounod's *Come Unto Him*, sung by Misses Alice Fieldhouse and Victoria Paterson, and the Sherlock Male Quartette. Miss Annie Snyder contributed a most acceptable recitation, and Mr. Percy W. Owens, the organist of the church, in his solos, proved himself a capable organist, his *William Tell* overture being received with marked favor. The next service will be given in March.

The concert given Friday evening of last week in the College street Presbyterian Church attracted a large audience in spite of the many counter attractions at that evening. The singing of Miss Kirby, Mr. Somerville and Miss Florence Bell easily proved that the choir of this church is fortunate in possessing some of the best soloists in the city. A number of them will be heard shortly in a song recital in the lecture-room of the church. Miss Bell, a young lady with a soprano voice of excellent quality, has come from Chicago to study with Mr. Hugh Kennedy, and is expected to become a decided favorite on the local concert platform. Miss Katherine Birnie proved a capable accompanist.

Mr. Rechab Tandy has issued invitations for a vocal recital of his pupils of all grades of study, to be given on Monday evening, 26th inst., in the Conservatory Music Hall. Believing that example is essential to the proper instruction of the vocal student, Mr. Tandy will sing two groups of songs, one at the opening and closing of the programme, including Piccolini's greatest song "Saved By a Child," with piano and organ accompaniment.

Mr. E. W. Schuch, the well-known vocal teacher, will give a recital of his advanced pupils at the Public Hall of the Normal School, on Monday evening, March 5th. Mr. Schuch's recitals have always been interesting, and this event may be looked forward to as being no exception to the rule. Mr. Schuch will be assisted by Mr. J. Churchill Arlidge, the popular flautist. A collection will be taken up in aid of the Sick Children's Hospital.

Mr. Frank S. Welsman's pupils gave a very successful piano recital at the Toronto College of Music on Monday night. So large an audience gathered to listen to the programme that many failed to find seats. The piano numbers were as follows: Beethoven, variations from Sonata op. 26; Schuetz, *Etude* Mignone; Liszt, *Liebestraum* No. 3; Miss Florence Turner; Bach, *Toccata*, in G; Chopin, *Valse*, op. 70, No. 1, two Preludes, F major and G minor; Grieg, *Albumblatt*, in A; Miss Alice Welsman; Chopin, two preludes, C minor, and D flat major; Nevin, *Shepherd's Tale*; Rachmaninoff, prelude, C sharp

minor, Mr. George D. Atkinson; Mendelssohn, *Lied ohne Worte*, No. 1, and the *Spinning Song*, Miss May McFarlane. All the numbers were played from memory, the young pianists acquitting themselves admirably, showing in each case considerable musical intelligence, and great technical accuracy. Mr. Bell-Smith sang very artistically Frances Allisten's *There is a Land*. Mr. Shaw was unavoidably absent owing to illness, and in his stead Miss Proctor gave two readings with much dramatic effect and was cordially received.

Mr. F. H. Cowen, the composer of the famous Scandinavian symphony, believes that any musician of average aptitude can learn to be a fairly capable conductor with tuition and experience. I quote the following from his recent paper, read by him before the annual conference of the Incorporated Society of Musicians: "The actual technique of conducting can, I contend, be learned by a musician of ordinary intelligence; the firm, decisive beat in the piano; the delicate beat in the piano; above all is the clear beat. A good conductor should never allow the forces under his command, however experienced they may be, to imagine for themselves in what division of the bar they are playing. I once saw an eminent chief d'orchestre in the past give six down beats in a bar of six-eight time, but my esteem for him was considerably lessened ever afterwards. Then there is the knowledge of when to beat two in a bar, when four; the correct tempi of a piece, the compass and capabilities of each instrument in the orchestra, light and shade, the bringing out of certain parts and phrases, the subduing of others, the accompanying of recitatives, and other vocal music; all this can, I feel confident, be learned by the would-be wielder of the baton. I am afraid that it is beyond the possibility of realization to hope for a school for the separate instruction of conductors, but I do not see why the art should not be taught in all our principal institutions in the same way as the piano-forte, or the violin, or singing." Mr. Cowen recommends the adoption of some such plan as that followed in the Berlin Conservatoire, where there are weekly meetings with a small band, consisting mostly of strings and a pianoforte, and at which each student takes his turn in conducting some overture or a movement of a symphony, the score of which he has previously taken home to study for a week or so.

The London Times knocks on the head the mistaken notion that musical critics meet after concerts and opera representations and make an agreement as to the opinions they shall express the next morning. The writer of the article says: "It is often supposed by frequenters of concerts who see the members of the musical press in conversation with each other that they are settling what they shall say; the outside public is very apt to sneer and to quote Sheridan's famous line, 'When they do agree, their unanimity is wonderful.' It will, no doubt, be difficult for these observers to realize that there exists a tacit understanding among critics that each man's opinion is his own private property until it appears in print; there is no interchange of views concerning matters of taste, although matters of fact are freely discussed, and there is every reason they should be. In the press of concerts and musical events it is beyond the power of any human being to be present from the beginning to the end of every concert and opera performed in London, for example; and critics are very often obliged to help one another in such matters as relate to the fact of certain artists having appeared or failed to appear in their place in the programme."

The pro-Boer United States journalist, who interviewed Paderewski the other day and sought to get from him an expression of opinion condemning Great Britain, was given something in the nature of a snub. When asked if he did not consider the fight of "the embattled farmers of the Transvaal" analogous to the struggle of Poland for her freedom, the eminent pianist replied: "England stands for liberty and justice, and there is no tyranny such as Poland has suffered under the British flag." He added that the conquest of the Transvaal would mean "a reversion from an intolerable and hypocritical government to a broad and liberal one."

Still another Russian piano virtuoso is to visit the United States this year. He rejoices in the euphonious name of Ossip Gabrilowitch. He was a pupil of Rubinstein, whose protegee he was, and subsequently studied under Leschetizky. He has had remarkable successes in recitals in the principal European cities.

It is not likely that a successor to Mr. Reed, the organist of St. Andrew's Church, will be appointed till April next. If the music committee cannot find a suitable candidate, Mr. Reed will probably continue in his position for some months after the date his resignation was announced to take effect.

The "Celestial Organ," donated by Mr. Hector Mackenzie to Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, will be formally opened on Quinquagesima Sunday, February 25th. This organ is being built in the tower of the cathedral, at a height of about fifty feet.

At the close of this season Mr. Wm. G. Armstrong, the baritone of the popular Sherlock Male Quartette, will leave for London, England, to pursue his

musical studies in that city. Mr. Armstrong is a pupil of Mr. J. M. Sherlock, and has been successful in attracting considerable popularity as a singer of great promise. His career will be followed by his many friends here and throughout the province with interest.

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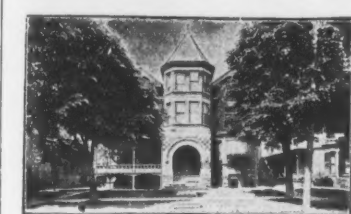
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### Social and Personal.

The second contingent was seen off last week by a large crowd of friends and relatives at the special train which bore away our soldiers at 7.20 on their way to South Africa. The officers, who are all society favorites, and deservedly popular, were Colonel Evans, Captain Harrison, Captain and Adjutant Charlie Nelles, Captain Pearce, Mr. Churchill Cockburn, Mr. King of Kingsville, Mr. James Elmsley. Among the non-coms. and troopers were many well-known faces, young and ardent warriors, going to the wars encompassed by the loving prayers of devoted mothers, proud fathers, and adoring brothers and sisters. The good news of victory and advance which came just before the send-off to the second contingent made farewells brighter and many hearts lighter. Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Mr. and Mrs. Elmsley, Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn, Dr. and Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Nelles, and Mrs. Charlie Nelles, Mrs. Geary, Major and Mrs. Young, Captain and Mrs. Sutton, Captain George Denison, Mr. Burnham, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Misses Warren, Elmsley, Seymour, were a few of those seeing off the brave ones.

Mrs. Willie Crowther gave a progressive last Friday evening. Miss Bertie Gardiner, of Hamilton, is visiting Mrs. Lister, 340 Bloor street west. Miss Helen Jones, of Paris, is visiting Mrs. Brooke, 262 Jarvis street. Mr. Harold Montzambert has returned to British Columbia.

A pleasant party was entertained at dinner on Friday evening last at the beautiful home of Mr. Dignum, 34 Isabella street. Great credit is due the hostess for the manner in which she entertained the guests in the evening, and also to Miss Edith and Miss Gladys for their valuable assistance.

The residence of Mr. R. S. Williams, Oak Lawn, Wellesley crescent, was the rendezvous of the German Conversation Club last Saturday evening, when the members were entertained by the vice-president, Mrs. Moore. The first hour of the evening was, as is the custom of the club, spent in mastering the mysteries of the language under the able leadership of Dr. Meyer, the director. Following this cards were given each member present, and the fair linguists were soon besieged by the gentlemen members obtaining partners for the various topics. An animated conversation followed, only German being allowed, interspersed with visits to the library upon an observation mission, which each member afterwards described. Musical selections given during the evening were much enjoyed, especially the pretty German Lied sung by Miss Mason, a popular visitor from Davenport, Iowa. The club meets this evening at the residence of Mrs. Beatty.

On Monday evening Harmony Masonic Lodge will hold its annual At Home. The members have selected McConkey's new and spacious rooms, which have just been completed, and which are said only to be exceeded in size, design and decoration by those of the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. The arrangements for the entertainment of guests are on an elaborate scale, and it is not too much to say that the occasion will be classed among the notable social events of the season.

Those who went to the Grand this week had a treat they are yet chuckling over. The Marchioness and Dick Swiveller stepped out of a page of Dickens and showed themselves to an end-of-the-century audience, an audience which had loved them for a score of years (two score said one of them). The artistic makeup and delightful abandon of these two have never been excelled, and the gruesome dwarf Quilp, the blooming Mrs. Jarley, indeed, each and all were so good that the play remains so mixed up with the story that one scarcely realizes one has not always seen the former. Among those who enjoyed this capital presentation of Dickens' most pathetic work was a party under the chaperonage of Mrs. McLaren, who occupied the Government House box on Wednesday. To-night a dinner party are to enjoy the play.

Mrs. W. Kenneth Elliott, of Brampton, is spending a few days in town, the guest of Mrs. (Dr.) W. C. Heggie, Dovercourt road.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman have returned from a pleasant fortnight in New York. Both travellers are now, unfortunately, laid up with influenza.

On Thursday evening the first anniversary of the St. Matthew's Co. Boys' Brigade was celebrated by a banquet in Dingman's Hall, which was given to the boys by four or five generous and interested friends. The presence of several officers in uniform and ladies in evening dress lent eclat to the dinner. The waitresses were gowned in white with scarlet belts and ties, and wore the emblem of the Boys' Brigade—a scarlet shield with white cross and blue triangle. These bright young ladies were most smart and efficient. Among the guests were the Bishop of Toronto, Dr. and Mrs. Pyne and other prominent persons. The tables were charmingly decorated, and the whole affair bright and inspiring.

Mrs. George Ley, of Parkdale, entertained a number of her friends at a delightful progressive euchre party on Tuesday. The hostess was ably assisted by her fair visitor, Miss Kathleen Sowden. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Giles, Mr. and Mrs. Holland,

Mr. and Mrs. Gouinlock, Miss Hesketh, the Misses Tait, Miss Linton, Miss Macdonald of Rosedale, Miss Campbell, Miss Arnoldi and Messrs. H. Cruso, Dave Harman, H. Holland, Linton, Fred Wilson and many others. The prizes were won by Mrs. Holland and Miss Campbell, Mr. Cruso winning the first gentleman's prize, and the far-famed booby falling to the lot of Mr. Harman.

Mr. Allan Sullivan is the host of a small dinner at the Temple Cafe this evening, he having decided to remain in town for a longer visit.

On Thursday Mrs. Emil Boeckh entertained the German Club, which is in connection with the Lutheran Church. It was not afternoon tea, but afternoon coffee—following the German custom of imbibing coffee at four o'clock every afternoon instead of tea at five.

Mrs. Clifford Cameron gave a charming tea in her beautiful new home in St. George street, on Tuesday afternoon, which was additionally interesting, as it gave her many friends from the west end, as well as from the city, an opportunity of viewing the artistic residence, of which she has been the mistress since Xmas time. Mrs. Cameron received in a handsome blue and black gown of satin brocade, and was assisted by her sister, Miss Pechell, and a party of girl friends, who took charge of the tea-room. These were Miss Featherstonhaugh, Miss Addie Armstrong, Miss Verena Wingate and some others. The tea table was daintily done in rose, pink and white carnations and wreaths of smilax, and the ladies enjoyed the tea hour immensely. Mrs. Clifford Cameron is a cordial and tactful hostess and a great acquisition to the west side. A very large and smart company of ladies attended this tea.



Major Fahey.

#### Too Much for the Minister.

There is a very merry young lady, the daughter of one of our big corporation lawyers, who attends a Sunday school up in Harlem, which is attached to the Baptist church. The 150th Psalm was the lesson, and in it occur the words: "Let us praise the Lord with song and dance."

"But how can we praise the Lord with dance, if dancing be sinful?" asked the young one.

"The word dance did not mean in those days, what it means now," responded the teacher. "In the olden days the people danced alone."

"Kind of skirt dance, wasn't it?" The teacher collapsed.—New York Journalist.

#### Irish Wit.

A lady had in her employ an excellent girl who had one fault. Her face was always in a smudge. Mrs. — tried to tell her to wash her face without offending, and at last resorted to strategy.

"Do you know, Bridget," she remarked in a confidential manner, "it is said that if you wash the face every day in hot soapy water it will make you beautiful?"

"Will it?" said Bridget. "Sure it's a wonder ye never tried it, ma'am."

#### Danger of Delay.

"Young man," said the old gentleman, "my daughter is too young to marry. A girl of her age cannot be sure of her own mind in a matter of such importance."

"I fully realize that," replied the young man, who had just secured the fair one's consent. "That's why I don't want to wait."

Mrs. Lakeside—I saw something today that called up a vague recollection of my first marriage. Mr. Lakeside—Did you? What was it? Mrs. Lakeside—My first husband; I hadn't seen him for years.—Philadelphia Press.

Visitor (viewing the new baby)—He's the very image of his father. Proud mother—Yes; and he acts just like him, too. Visitor—Is it possible! Proud mother—Yes; he keeps me up nearly every night.—Chicago News.

"Kentucky is one of the liveliest States in the Union," remarked the young man. "It is," answered Colonel Stilwell, "beyond a doubt. When I was last there every man I met was running for office or running for his life."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Stimson—I've wanted the drawing-room refurnished for a long time, but my husband has always said to wait until the things were really useless. Mrs. Catterton—How are you going to manage it? Mrs. Stimson—Easy enough; the baby is in there now.—Life.



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son—Easy enough; the baby is in there now.—Life.

Meeks—Stone always speaks well of everybody. Weeks—Merely a force of habit. Meeks—How so? Weeks—He's a marble-cutter, and his specialty is cutting epitaphs on grave-stones.—Chicago News.

The following squib would convey no meaning to a person who never heard, and we have seen a number of hearing persons badly puzzled by it: "She had a voice like a siren, and when she sang: 'Be is averse oh, wum bull there snow play sly comb,' and so on to the conclusion, there wasn't a dry eye in the room." If, however, the reader will read the test line straight through to another person, making no pause, the listener will be almost certain to catch its meaning at the first reading.

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### Social and Personal.

On Monday afternoon Mrs. Parry, of 578 Spadina avenue, gave a very pretty afternoon tea to a large number of ladies. Mrs. Parry wore a handsome grey gown relieved with black satin and white chiffon, and received with her guest, Mrs. Hopkins, of Dunnville. In the tea-room Misses Amy and Ethel Wright, Nellie Ready, Mabel Helliwell and Alice Wright waited on the guests. Pink roses and carnations and shaded candles carried out the color scheme. Mrs. Adam Wright, Mrs. Gregory, and Mrs. Anderson assisted in the drawing-room.

A course of lectures in French, which are delivered at room 2, Victoria University, each Saturday morning at eleven o'clock by Monsieur Masson, are attracting much interest. To-day M. Masson lectures on Dumas the Younger.

Mrs. Glencoe Hulme and her bright-eyed daughter, little Miss Vera, were in town this week, on their way from Chicago to their home in Belleville.

Last Friday, Mrs. Will Rose, of 58 Boswell avenue, entertained Madame Masson and several other ladies at luncheon, when the French of Paris was the language of the hour, and of which the hostess is complete mistress.

Mrs. Ernst Paine (Lillie Kleiser), of Toronto, and Miss Blanche Libbitt, of Brantford, assisted at Miss Florence G. Ruthven's dramatic recital in Hamilton on February 12th.

The Rev. Arthur Murphy, M.A., who is conducting a parochial mission at the Church of the Messiah, is the guest of Miss Gillespie, at 300 Avenue road.

The course of lectures at Trinity, which have become so delightful a Lenten employment of Saturday afternoons, commence a week before the Penitential season, the first lecture being arranged for this afternoon, when Professor Wenley, of the University of Michigan, will lecture on Hypatia.

The following grotesque narrative is found in a collection of Chinese temperance tales: A stupid yamen underling was once taking a rascally Buddhist monk to prison. As he started with his prisoner, he was afraid of forgetting his things and his errand, so he began mumbling, "Bundle, umbrella, cangue [yoke], warrant, monk and myself!" At every two or three steps he repeated the list. The monk, seeing the sort of man he had to deal with, treated him at an inn until he was so drunk that he wanted to sit down by the wayside and sleep. When he was fast asleep the monk took off his cangue, shaved the man's head, put the wooden collar on him, and took to his heels. On recovering his senses the man exclaimed, "Let me wait until I have counted everything. Let me see. Bundle and umbrella are here. Then feeling his neck, he cried, "And the cangue too; and here beside me is the warrant!" Then, half-scared, "Hai, ya! I don't see the monk, but," rubbing his itching pate, he gleefully added, "The monk is still here, but where am I? Bundle, umbrella, cangue, warrant, monk. But where am I? Bundle, umbrella!"

A former member of the Gordon Highlanders relates the following anecdote in connection with one of the Gordons who fought in the Anglo-Boer war of 1881. Just before the battle of Laing's Nek the Highlanders and a force of the Boers were lying, under

cover, opposite each other. The Highlanders had been ordered to remain still and hold their fire. Presumably the Boers had received similar commands, for, with the exception of one burgher and one Gordon, who could not refrain from taking pot shots at so much of each other as they could decry, the men on both sides were silent. For some time the Boer and the Highlander referred to conducted a duel. First the Boer would bob up from behind his shelter, fire at the Highlander's cover and drop out of sight. The Highlander would jump up, reply, and then hurriedly hide himself. About twenty shots had been exchanged in that way when an exclamation of pain burst from the lips of the Highlander. His left hand had been shattered by one of the Boer's bullets. "That serves ye right, MacKenzie," said his sergeant. "Ye waur tell'd ta be quiet." "Hoot, mon!" replied the Highlander; "hoo did I ken he was gan' tae shoot oot o' his turn?"

"They sat and held hands all the evening." "How silly!" "Oh, I don't know. You have to in whist."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Teacher—Now, boys, who can tell me which is the most difficult thing to acquire in cycling? Chorus of yells—The bicycle, sir.—Tit-Bits.

Bray—Metempsychosis? No, sir, I think it's a horrid belief. Fancy my becoming a donkey in my next incarnation! Funnell—Monotonous, eh?—Life.

Sunday School Teacher (in Chicago)—Why did the Wise Men come from the East? Bright Scholar—Because they were wise men.—Philadelphia Record.

First M.D.—What a lot of things have been found in the vermiform appendix. Second M.D.—And look at the money that's been taken out of it!—Life.

Rounder—I see by the papers that Russell Sage takes a deep interest in American expansion and the Boer war. Flounder—What per cent?—Town Topics.

Customer—Have you a copy of Fifteen Decisive Battles? Bookseller—No; but I can give you a copy of How to Be Happy Though Married.—Chicago News.

Eminent Handwriting Expert (on witness stand)—The writer of this note is a bunco-steerer by instinct. Eminent Attorney—Explain to the jury how you arrive at that conclusion. E.H.E.—Because he invariably makes a dash after every "J."—Baltimore American.

O'Brien (the Fenian, in a stage-whisper)—Are yez in favor av invadin' Canada? Casey—Oi on that; but there's wan thing that's botherin' me. O'Brien—Phwat is it? Casey—How the devil will we be able t' git our a-rms pasht th' coastoom officials wid-out payin' dooty?—Puck.

The tramp who had made an unsuccessful application for cold victuals drew his coat-sleeve pensively across his nose. "You don't know what it is, ma'am," he said, "to have no friends." "Don't I!" responded the woman of the house, bitterly; "two of my children have taken prizes at baby shows!"—Chicago Tribune.

### A Diabetes Cure.

Michael Hallen, of St. Thomas, Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Suffered with Diabetes and Backache for Over a Year—Was Advised to Use Dodd's Kidney Pills—Saved From His Grave.

St. Thomas, Feb. 19.—Nowhere in Ontario are Dodd's Kidney Pills more highly valued than in the neighborhood of St. Thomas. They are famous for having first given sufferers from Bright's Disease and Diabetes a road to safety, for previous to the discovery of Dodd's Kidney Pills these diseases were invariably fatal.

Michael Hallen, a farmer living near St. Thomas, is one of those who fully appreciate the worth of Dodd's Kidney Pills. He has good reason to. He was cured of Diabetes by their use. He admits that but for Dodd's Kidney Pills he would be in his grave to-day.

Diabetes is a local disease of the kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills are therefore the only medicine of the slightest use in the treatment of this disease. The kidneys are the only organs affected, and Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only medicine that can reach the kidneys with any beneficial effect.

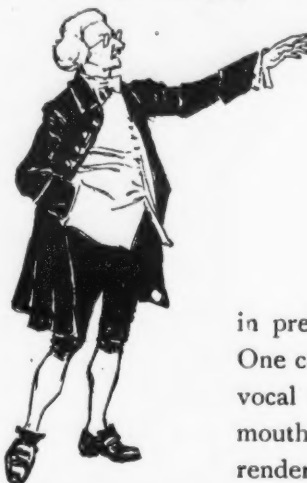
There are, moreover, a number of other diseases which are caused by disorder of the kidneys, and Dodd's Kidney Pills by curing the kidney disorder removes the cause of these other troubles. Thus it is that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only radical and permanent cure for Dropsy, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Bladder and Urinary Complaints, Female Disorders, and unhealthy condition of the blood.

As for Diabetes, the statement signed by Mr. Michael Hallen, of St. Thomas, and witnessed by Mr. E. E. Ostrander, of Dutton, will prove that the claims made for Dodd's Kidney Pills are absolutely true. The statement reads:

"I have been troubled for one year with Diabetes. My back was in the worst kind of pain all the time. My urine was very dark and my condition was getting very serious. A friend of mine told me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I have now used one box and am already completely cured. My urine is at its natural color, and my back is as strong as a board. I cannot

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in preference to anything else for minister's sore throats. One can preach with more fluency and without rasping the vocal cords by holding one of these little tablets in the mouth. They relieve the throat of that tickling sensation, rendering the voice sweet and clear. They are the only tablets made that positively do not disturb the stomach. They contain no opium or other narcotic and are pleasant to take. Their mission is to relieve and cure all throat inflammations, both simple and stubborn. In this they are unsurpassed.

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Lynch-Stanton, a daughter.  
Creswick-Young's Point, Feb. 18, Mrs.  
Hunter-Young's Point, Feb. 18, Mrs.  
McDonald-Young's Point, Feb. 18, Mrs.  
Egan-Young's Point, Feb. 18, Mrs.

### Marriages

Ritchie-Bentley-Young's Point, Feb. 18, Mrs.  
O'Connell-Mattott-Cedars, Que., George  
O'Connell to Edullette Mattott.  
Gibbons-Gordon-Young's Point, Feb. 18, Mrs. Susan  
Gibbons to Amy Gordon.

### Deaths

Lacey-Young's Point, Feb. 18, Mrs. Mary Lacey,  
aged 67.  
Melcken-Patrick Melcken, aged 67.  
Smith-Young's Point, Feb. 18, Mrs. William Smith,  
aged 72.  
McPherson-Young's Point, Feb. 18, George S.  
McPherson, M.D.,  
Clarke-Young's Point, Feb. 18, Mrs. Frederick Clarke,  
aged 78.  
Robinson-Young's Point, Feb. 18, Mrs. Susan Robinson,  
aged 88.  
Todd-Hamilton, Bermuda, Feb. 12, Mrs.  
Frances Letitia Todd.  
Winstanley-Young's Point, Feb. 18, Mrs. Susan Winstanley,  
aged 66.  
Cook-Young's Point, Feb. 18, Mrs. Annie Louise Cook,  
aged 46.  
Henderson-Young's Point, Feb. 18, Mrs. T. Henderson,  
aged 62.  
Dyer-Young's Point, Feb. 18, Mrs. Rebecca Dyer,  
aged 62.  
Ingram-Young's Point, Feb. 18, Alexander E. Ingram,  
aged 66.  
Tilley-Young's Point, Feb. 18, Mrs. John T. Tilley,  
aged 66.  
Hebblethwaite-Young's Point, Feb. 18, Mrs. Jane Hebblethwaite,  
aged 75.  
Carroll-Young's Point, Feb. 18, Jennie Carroll, aged 10.  
Hamilton-Young's Point, Feb. 18, Mrs. A. Hamilton.

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for I am certain they have saved me  
from the grave."

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St. Thomas, Ont.

### The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births  
Hetherington-Young's Point, Feb. 18, Mrs. W. J. Hetherington, a son.  
Lewis-Young's Point, Feb. 18, Mrs. J. D. Lewis, a daughter.  
Lynch-Stanton-Young's Point, Feb. 18, Mrs. George

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M. C. DICKSON, District Passenger Agent.